METEMPSYCHOSIS.

OR THE

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS,

SYSTEMATICALLY CONSIDERED,

And reſcued from Obloquy and Contempt by the joint Authority of REASON and REVELATION;

THE WHOLE COMPREHENDING

A COMPLETE BODY of ANIMATION,

Succinctly inveſtigated, and impartially reviſed,

By the late LORD ———,

In the probationary Character of a POST-HORSE.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ———— OVID.

Non manet ulla ſui ſimilis res: omnia migrant. LUCRETIUS.

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th'unbodied Spirit flies,
Hunts on without, 'till ready limbs it find,
And actuates them according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toſt:
The Soul is ſtill the ſame, the Body only loſt. DRYDEN.

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MDCCLXXXI.

TO THE

READER.

THE ſucceeding pages furniſh authentic proofs in favour of a ſyſtem long ſince exploded with deriſion. The doctrines it inculcates will be expoſed to the objections of the learned, perhaps, to the contempt of the ignorant. The Writer will endeavour to obviate the former with all the aſſiduity he is maſter of; the latter muſt, in conſequence, remain unnoticed. To thoſe who cenſure him on the exceptionable maxim of *De mortuis nil niſi bonum*, he recommends a diſpaſſionate conſideration of the great principle he wiſhes to revive—*Non omnes moriemur, ſed mutabimur.*

METEMPSYCHOSIS,

&c.

POST-mortem penitence, like a *poſt-factum* law, preſerves a ſecond-rate degree of eſtimation, which ſerves to recommend it, and no more. It preſents us with a *paltry piece of buſineſs*, where the meaneſt Cavillers are *in the ſecret*. Men note it down as a convenient novelty, afraid to cenſure, aſhamed of praiſing it. The Knowing-ones will call it rudeneſs, the ſimpler Wits perhaps may chriſten it preſumption in me to advance, that in the liſt of my Admirers, I ſhall detect the greater part attached more warmly to the brute than to the moraliſt. Why then (for I muſt give their due to Plaintiff and Defendant) that ſtrangely-tortured vague *exordium*, which prefaces the tell-tale myſtery?—And now for the alternative,—Recant, or vindicate. My enemies, perhaps, (for a man's coffin does not ſhut out malice) will, with the aid of whiſpers, ſarcaſms, or a detail of ill-authenticated facts, attempt to reprobate the notion, that I communicate the ſecrets of my hiſtory from principle. Leſt they ſhould ſo far miſguide the world, as to eſtabliſh a ſuſpicion, that throughout the courſe of the ſucceeding pages, there may be traced a vein of infamous burleſque, I have eſteemed it a no leſs wiſe than neceſſary caution to throw away a hint or two, as a proviſo for my juſtification, to be introduced upon the *tapis* as occaſion may require. Yet the ſincerity of my repentance will, I truſt, be invalidated by none but thoſe who were

unworthy acceſſaries to my miſdemeanors, when *in human ſhape* I exhibited a wretched picture (let me ſoften the expreſſion) of human imbecillity. The ſolemnity of my *exit* from life, as I had previouſly imagined, gave birth to a variety of opinions, where romance and ſuperſtition ſeemed to contend for a ſuperior degree of credit. How great therefore was my ſurpriſe, when, after gravely anticipating the apathy of annihilation, (pardon the ſuſpicion) I reſumed my former ſenſibility, heightened with a poignancy I had been yet a ſtranger to, in the baſe perſon, and ignoble form, *(dictu mirabile!)* of a jaded *Poſt-Horſe!* In human life, my ſerious hours had been engaged in Politics—thoſe of a leſs honourable caſt, in ſtudied Libertiniſm: I had of conſequence neglected to devote even a tranſient minute to any mode ſoever of religious faith, whether eſtabliſhed or exploded. The long-forgotten doctrine of the ancients, whoſe rigid infallibility by my feelings I am bound to vindicate, appears abſurd even to myſelf, when I can ſequeſter human reflection from animal exiſtence. It militates, I own, againſt the reaſon and the dignity of Man, though virtually conducive to a ſyſtem of morality not altogether futile. The moſt ſolemn truths maintain no empire over Scepticiſm; I ſhall therefore quietly ſubmit to the chaſtiſement of the learned world, whether they pronounce my creed ridiculous or obſolete, reſerving one argument as the final teſt of its authenticity. Expectation will have preſerved a decent longing, I dare vouch; Impatience, acting the leſs modeſt part, may have o'erſtepped the boundary, eager to ſatisfy the inclination of partaking in my *viaticet*, or my *exempli gratiâ*—yet truſt me, Fellow Travellers, the purpoſe of your hurry will be diſappointed—it has nothing of the ludicrous or the extravagant—nothing to raiſe your laughter or amazement—it is purely philoſophical, and might as well be *clean forgotten* in the next edition. To prove the truth of my remark, let me prevail on the indulgent reader to bid his ſmartneſs and vivacity withdraw, till this dull article of my narration be concluded. Whence inſtinct in Brutes, whence ſuſceptibility of change in matter, has been a ſubject, where the *data* are inſufficient; an enquiry, which merely terminates in the concurrence of external cauſes. The Human Race, I mean ſuch as are purely ſo, thoſe yet

untainted

untainted with any previous alloy of Nature's leſs eſteemed productions, have labored hard, and given temporary credit to many ſpecious *rêveries*, which for a period miſled, in due time were laughed at, and having been diſarmed without aſperity, were ſoon forgotten. To explain the ſource of this myſterious principle in the irrational and inanimate ſyſtems of created beings, was relinquiſhed, therefore, as a taſk wholly impracticable. We tranſmigrated ſouls longed for no higher bliſs, at leaſt the choſen of us, who were diſpoſed of *à notre aiſe*, than to remove this aukward dullneſs of your comprehenſion, and reconcile the errors you inſolently ſeemed to have diſcovered in the relation of effect and cauſe. Having dearly paid for this ſuperior portion of intuitive ability, we conſidered the privilege of communicating our diſcoveries as no unreaſonable *douceur*, ſince even the loco-motive nature of our ſervitude muſt indiſputably overbalance the gratification. Where to appeal for a charter ſo important, or how to profit by its authority, was a ſecret that baffled the projects of the enterpriſing, and the *hypotheſes* of the grave. We compoſe ſo mixed a race, that no ſyſtem of government whatever can be ſufficiently comprehenſive to regulate our conduct. We animate creation; no power therefore inferior to Nature can diſtribute univerſal law to an order of beings, where an individual may ſometimes form a diſtinct myſterious ſpecies, whoſe governing faculties are in a multitude of inſtances the leaſt perceptible.

Material eſſence has been our choſen reſidence, time out of mind, ſaving ſome half a ſcore ſelf-willed philoſophers, who, from caprice perhaps in the Arch-Potentate that arbitrates our tranſmigration, are here and there diſcovered riding to human eyes inviſibly, to ourſelves intangibly. Poor *Biſhop B.... ley*, who merited a doom ſomewhat more eligibly abſtracted, is condemned incontinently to pace on the ever-buſy *whiſpering* vapour, which iſſues from the lips of the *Dow—r C—ſs* of his name. I have ſeen the Prelate one while on the *amble*, then on the *full gallop*, juſt as *Bath* occurrences modulated or ſwelled her Ladyſhip's alternate paſſions.—But to reſume the introductory, and I fear the leſs amuſing part of my detail.

We

We finer-moulded ſouls are not inſeparably linked to a perpetual exiſtence, without ſome reaſonable gratuity in recompence for the mortification. *Diogenes*, for he ſtill lives (my Fellow Poſt-horſe tells me) in *Sir J—s L——*, will perhaps aver that our eſtabliſhed happineſs ſurpaſſes the viciſſitude of human enjoyments—probably it may, according to the bias of his reaſoning; for he adopts no judgement extraneous from his feelings, no ſentiment unapplicable to the conſiſtent firmneſs of his conduct. We have indeed two ſweetners of our inexorable deſtiny, which to the partially-conſiderate may ſeem effectually fitted to reconcile us to ourſelves; the power, when preſent, of communicating our thoughts to, and exchanging converſation mutually with every tranſmigrated being, in the characters each ſuſtained prior to transformation, though on principles wholly unintelligible and abſtracted, with regard to the exiſtence immediately ſucceeding; and, as a convenient adjunct, the privilege of unlimited intelligence on the ſcale of words and actions, whether in the purity of ſimple, or the alloy of compound life. A Miniſter, night-capped at his eaſe, has, in that dull uncourtly article of his nocturnal wardrobe, perhaps a buſier adept in political *fineſſe* to comment on his riſing influence, or ſcan the wretchedneſs of his duplicity, than the moſt ſtrenuous, the moſt determined advocate for his impeachment in the ſenate. How partial therefore was the boon, when we were ſuffered to accept the means of learning men's deſigns, without the conſequent prerogative of publiſhing the notable diſcovery! We formed ourſelves into *aſſociations*, which ended in a perpetual adjournment; we aſſembled in *committees*, where the moſt zealous partiſans confeſſed the greatneſs of our cauſe, yet *modeſtly* declined the chair.

Such was the futility of our unſtable reſolutions, when Chance, as I then judged, but rather the præ-deſigned event of ſome leſs ſhifting Power, afforded me a glorious opportunity of reſcuing our almoſt extirpated hopes from the impending horrors of a final diſſolution. Though in the miſcreant appearance, and deſtined to the ſervility and tortured ſufferings of *a Hack*, I ſtill eſteemed my garb the ignominy of fortune only, while it clothed a patriot heart. On this principle, I refuſed myſelf

myſelf even the bleſſings which my brothers of the hoof enjoy, ſo ſedulouſly conſtant was my wiſh to benefit the poor deluded beings whom I had recently quitted in their firſt lives. Actuated by an impulſe thus generous and commendable, I had paſſed the night preceding my felicity in a vain ſucceſſion of philoſophy and romance, when I was compelled to quit the *rêverie*, by an affectionate though peremptory ſummons from *Chriſtopher* the Oſtler—*Ca-up, Sharp-ſhins! Ca-up, poor Jade!* Wretched preliminary for a Lord ſo illuſtrious, and a Senator ſo diſtinguiſhed, as I had been! The reflection intruded, in ſpite of my wiſh to ſmother it, and for a moment I took a retroſpect of my paſt greatneſs; I ſtumbled, as the remembrance of Lady —— wounded my tendereſt feelings; the conic ſurface of the flint tore the fleſh from my knee; I forbore to contemplate either as a Stateſman, or a P—r; nay, I forgot to hope that I might ſome time make atonement as a H——: I reaſoned only as I felt: the brute prevailed—and I was harneſſed, with *Kitt*'s condolence for my only remedy. The partner of my morning labours, though ſound in wind and body, took an intereſted concern in my misfortune; but, finding me averſe to his unſeaſonable counſel, of diſſipating my ſorrows, and inveſtigating my bruiſes, like a beaſt of ſpirit, he trotted on with now and then a look of ſilent ſympathy, permitting me to deſcant on my own calamities as I thought beſt. Our party-coloured *Jehu*, who eſtimated ſpeed to be a more convenient, and to the greater number of genteel Poſt-Travellers, a more recommendatory qualification than tenderneſs, eager to emulate his moſt notorious Brethren of the Whip, drove us with an unmerciful *even pace* to *The Star and Garter, Kew Bridge*, in the exact ſpace of *eight minutes and a ſecond*. The fineſt cattle on the *Weſtern Road* might have envied the encomiums paid us by the ſullen-ſtepped foot paſſengers, who were condemned to add a ſharper poignancy to their mortification, by numerically calculating the odds againſt themſelves. On diſtinctly ſumming up the progreſſive proportion on either ſide, how did I curſe the wretched ſuperiority!—or rather, how piteouſly did I exclaim, Would I were again at *Shepcutt*'s, on my ſtraw couch, feeding even on the refuſe of my fellow ſlaves! Somewhat—perhaps a ſigh, that ſpoke the human

ſoul within me—perhaps the dark inexplicable purpoſe of Omnipotence—perhaps the eagerneſs of woman's curioſity—induced the whimſically-marſhalled Amazon, the weightier half of our ineligible burthen, to ſtretch her neck out from the window of her vehicle, and aſk my age. An enquiry ſo unexpected drew my attention; I turned, and recogniſed my old familiar *Charlotte H—*; and, to my greater joy, found her to be *one of us*, not a whit leſs than the *Arch-Sybil*, who coaxed *Æneas* to the ſhades. A ſecond left-hand peep preſented me with *Count O'K——*, her friend and intimate, a tranſmigrated ſoul, who ſtarted firſt in the perſon of *Bucephalus*; then having ſuſtained a multitude of ſhapes and characters, paſſed into the carcaſe of the hitherto-inſulted Monarch of *the Houyhnnms*, whoſe *animal* exiſtence has even been the ſubject of diſpute. *The Count*'s abode was not long uniformly fixed with any individual. Some ſeventy years ago, he animated *Baſto*, and brought no ſmall degree of reputation to an ambitious D—ſs in Queen Anne's court. From his preſent ſtation, and the ſtyle in which he ſupports it, he ſeems to promiſe a ſpeedy, and I may add, a no leſs reſpectable appearance, in the characteriſtic and exemplary figure of *a manger*, *a pair of ſtirrups*, or *a jockey cap*.—But, to digreſs no farther from my original deſign of reconciling the means of this my præternatural publication, with the difficulties I ſeemed to labour under from the inſufficiency of my quadruped abilities,

Charlotte had no ſooner gained a glimpſe of my deplorably-expreſſive features, than ſhe remembered every *item* that had diſtinguiſhed our commercial attachment in her generous ———'s primæval life. She felt for my *vile durance*, and condoled with me on the diſhonour of ſo illiberal a metamorphoſe. *The Captain* d—d the Poſt-boy for his inhumanity, and the poor beaſts were put leſs vigorouſly on their mettle. After repeated teſtimonies of unalterable friendſhip, my worthy Patroneſs begged leave to quit the leſs important ſubject of recapitulating our mutual indiſcretions, that ſhe might ſurpriſe me with a myſtery, which none beſides the Sybil of the Æneid could ſolve, and no one but myſelf accompliſh—"My dear Lord," added the potent Daughter of Necromancy and Enchantment, "I would have willingly communicated this great event to

"you

" you in your firſt form, had not the laws of tranſmigrated ſpirits for-
" bidden us even to converſe with beings in their unchanged and priſtine
" ſtate. In ſhadow, you have known me to be merely woman. Were
" there no evidence from the infallibility of my own avowal, the intuition
" you poſſeſs muſt have convinced you now that I am animated by an
" immortal eſſence of ſupernatural intelligence, penetrating into futurity,
" though compelled to an odious and eternal ſilence.—Paſt wonders I may
" reveal:—attend therefore to a diſcovery wherein you are ultimately inte-
" reſted, and value the information as it merits. You cannot but recall
" the terrifying ſummons which preceded your diſſolution. The brightneſs
" of ———, the flutter of ———, the period of days, you very worthily
" attributed to more than mortal agency. Why then, you aſk, this ſer-
" vile fate for one ſo eminently viſited? You are ſenſible of the event,
" though unacquainted with its purpoſe. Your liſe and morals required
" the degradation you ſubmit to. The ſtupendous manifeſtations to which
" you will be chiefly inſtrumental, demanded alſo a ſignal inſtance of un-
" doubted authenticity, to controvert the prejudices of men who might
" invalidate their reputation, and ſeek to diſcredit the revived notions of
" a general *Metempſychoſis.*"——" And am I choſen to the office of pub-
" liſhing the *arcana* of our natures, in this baſe condition?"—added I
with rapture and aſtoniſhment.——" Accept the commiſſion," rejoined
the venerable Prieſteſs, " with ſcrupulous reverence. I pardon your in-
" credulity, on a ſubject ſo intricately marvellous. The event will juſtify
" itſelf;—and though for a moment it may ſtagger human credibility, be
" aſſured, the *illuſtrious Proſelytes* who will ſupport its infant revelation
" cannot but atteſt the truths it urges, and the ſyſtematic doctrines it
" inculcates.

" Excuſe the interruption," added I, " but were it not for the weightier
" balance of my own vanity, I ſhould ſtill hazard the affront of voting for
" *a Proteſt.* The *Corps Diplomatique* of my firſt world, however reſpectable
" in Cabinet *Adreſſe*, had never ſuch unlimited authority."

Charlotte, leſs quarrelſome in her *ſpiritual* capacity than I had uni-
formly *felt* her in the exerciſe of *mortal traffic*, reprimanded me only with
the

the kind-hearted exclamation of "Incorrigible Sinner!" after which ſhe effectually ſurmounted my anxious infidelity by a minute and diſpaſſionate confirmation of the wonders, which the extravagance of my preſumption had inſolently queſtioned as abſurd.

It will be tedious to comment on the diſtinct ſolutions ſhe drew up, on the ſeveral ordinances which had predeſtined the irregularity of my life and manners, and on the immutable decrees which from the birth of time had ordained me to attempt the general reformation of mankind.—"Having convinced you," continued the Empreſs Queen of Witchcraft, "of my *Sybilline* infallibility, I own, that in the preſent unenlightened "bondage of your faculties, you are but on a level with other metamorphoſed beings.——*Hecate*, the firſt of ſpiritual eſſences, has been your "friend.—You muſt have known and loved her, though but *in the Fleſh*, "when ſhe threw off the claſſical appearance of a midnight Hag, and "dwelt in the leſs hideous and unfaſhionable Perſon of *the Hon. Mrs. N—*. "'Tis ſhe who warned you of the hour you ſo much feared—'Tis ſhe "who will enlarge——but I am with-held from further uttterance."

My gentle Propheteſs had ſcarcely pauſed, when I was enwrapped in viſionary terror.—For an inſtant, the face of Nature ſeemed to change.—On recovering from the awful trance, I became ſenſible of an immediate expanſion of my intellectual powers. Boundleſs conception, and the faculty of univerſal communication, except with newly-animating infant ſouls, were the myſterious ſubſtitutes of my former limited diſtinctions. I ſaw the human race collectively, and converſed with every individual object in creation. The extent of my ſuperior (I may almoſt ſay) omnipotence was unknown to thoſe remote exiſtences, in whoſe miſtaken judgements I was ſuppoſed ſtill ſubject to the laws of local limitation. I converſed with *polar* ſpirits,—was honoured with the confidence of Monarchs, lords of what is called the unhabitable globe; and, being preſent as well in the Palace as the Cottage, in the Seraglio as in the Temple, I became the univerſal inſeparable, while each believed me condemned to dwell abſtractedly in his peculiar reſidence. To expatiate no farther on the dignity of my office, ſo wonderfully diſtinguiſhed by its ubiquity, I beg leave to recall the Reader's attention,

attention, if it be not irrecoverably loſt in the labyrinth I have deſcribed, to any intermediate ſpot between the *Bohemia Head* on *Turnham Green* and the party-coloured, pebbled, mortared, flinted parapet, which overlooks Mrs. ——'s *back-grounds*, behind *the Mall* near *Hammerſmith*.———Somewhere, almoſt I think where Dr. —— would fix the equi-diſtant point, my incomparable *Charlotte* denounced *Anathemas* againſt me without number, if I delayed the preſent *ſanctified* appeal to the inveterate and ſtubborn conſciences of either ſex, beyond the ſhutting-up of the *K—g's Theatre*, or the Summer *Parliamentary Receſs*.——I ſtarted the only difficulty which alarmed my apprehenſion by its apparent predominance.

" Sovereign of my firſt wiſhes," anſwered I, " ſolve me this ſeeming " contradiction.—You well know that Tranſmigrates, were th y empow- " ered to be equally omnipreſent with myſelf, could only act on Tranſ- " migrates, by that confined and ſpecial influence which affects their " prior natures: how then can either of us bring about an event which " ſeparately requires the ſubtle communication of an ante-exiſting ſpirit, " and the active co-efficience of a human being, devoid of all ability to " execute or even learn the purpoſes we are deſirous to accompliſh?"

—My generous Interpreter ſmiled at the interrogatory, and expreſſed ſome ſhare of *womaniſh* ſurpriſe, that I ſhould have ſo long deferred enquiring into the principles of ſo neceſſary a *Denouëment*.—

" The buſineſs," added ſhe, " would have been inſurmountable, were " it not for an irrefragable law, which authoriſes us Daughters of En- " chantment, by the immediate impulſe of our art, to modify the will " and direct the conduct of any choſen individual during each ſeparate " reſidence in our mortal ſhapes. *Sh—d—n* and *T—k—ll*, in whom " you'll recogniſe *Tireſias* and *Ariſtophanes*, have been ſeverally governed " by *Circe* and *Calypſo*, two of the moſt notorious of our ſiſterhood.—My " choice is not yet made.—Tell me, therefore, what favoured Publiſher " ſhall I diſtinguiſh with the charm?"

—My determination was ſanguine, and I think honourably biaſſed.—The noble and very learned Editor of *S— — —y Hill* deſerved my par-

tiality, and even challenged a declaration in his behalf. "*H—ce*, my "worthy Sybil," replied I, with the warmth of honeſt admiration, "has "talents which have immortaliſed his reputation in the republic of let- "ters. Believe me, he would conſent to part with every privilege of birth "and fortune, rather than be the ſecond in proclaiming our intelligence. "An authentic manuſcript freſh from our world, with full permiſſion to "reviſe it, would enrich his cabinet beyond the coffers even of *a Ruſſian De-* "*ſpot*."——"My Lord," added the ſcrutiniſing Matron, "when panegyric "borders on enthuſiaſm, the flatterer is ſeldom at the trouble of enqui- "ring into the ſimple ſtate of facts. *H—— W——le* is a pure original; "and indeed, if I may credit *Mrs. Cl—*, the only unmixed eſſence in "his cloſet:—on him, therefore, my incantations can have no effect. "—What think you of a ſpirit more come-at-able? *Geo. K—ſty*, the "Tranſmigrate of *Tonſon*, whoſe memory I know you reverence, is a con- "venient piece of animation for our purpoſe;—beſides, you are under "obligations to him of ſo poſthumous a nature, that nothing but a poſt- "humous acquittal can bear an adequate proportion to the debt."

—Thus judicially convicted on two ſeparate charges, I had no *ſalvo* left, but to acknowledge the juſtice of her reproof, and acquieſce in the propoſal. The world, in conſequence of H——'s unborrowed eccentricity, has loſt a more magnificent edition of my legendary wonders, which this eminent and indefatigable antiquarian would have embelliſhed with every literary ornament his *Preſs* affords. Charlotte, labouring, as far as decency would ſuffer, with a becoming ſacerdotal phrenzy, invoked a liſt of deities above and deities below, ſo manifold, that we had reached *the Duke of G——'s queer-ſhaped unſocial elevation*, where the illuſtrious P—r profeſſes himſelf a *demi-Piccadilly Reſident*, ere ſhe had moulded *K—ſty* to her wiſh. At length, ſupremely to the *Captain*'s ſatisfaction, who, with all his Turf *Adreſſe*, was fairly *jockied* at the *Black Art*, the magic ſpell was ended; the *Count* reſumed his ſeat, and I took leave of my beneficent co-adjutreſs, at *Betty*'s (the mortal-limbed *Caſſandra*, of heathen reputation) in *St. James's Street*.

The

The patient Reader, who ſhall have thus conditionally travelled with me *into Town*, will look for prodigies thickening, with unexplored and multifarious ſcience, in every future *ſtep*. To be told, therefore, that my Fellow Quadruped, jaded with his probationary toil, preſerved his ſpirits unimpaired in compliment to my promotion, will be an inſolent affront to his good humour, which for *ten* tireſome *miles* has kept an even pace with my compendious diſſertation. I muſt acquaint him, to beſpeak a readier condeſcenſion, that the revivified aſſociate of my ſlavery is no Plebeian.—A more illuſtrious piece of *Horſe-Fleſh* has never travelled betwixt the *Metropolis* and the *Land's-End*, ſince the days that *Gen. Ir-t-n* animated a broken-winded bay Gelding, and curſed *King Charles's Reſtoration*, as he doubled the diſtance *of a nine mile ſtage* five times a day for half a year ſucceſſively. My propoſition will be confirmed beyond a fear of controverſy, when I aver this honourable ſteed to be no leſs a perſonage than *W—— Earl of R-ch-ſt-r*, egregiouſly duped at the reception he has experienced, and ſtrenuouſly purpoſed to expunge all ſtains of his paſt life by a ſevere and penitential ſyſtem of faſting and mortification.

A murmur now and then unwillingly eſcaped me, when I contraſted the greatneſs of my mental powers with the paſſive ignominy of my corporeal chaſtiſement. The peeviſh mood ſoon quitted me, however, when I beheld a number of my choiceſt friends, and no few *biped* heroes of antiquity, in the leſs enviable ſtation of *Aſſes*, *Monkies*, *Dancing-Bears*, and *Turnſpits*.

The form of my credentials being once drawn up, and their legality allowed, my Readers of the younger world will readily ſuppoſe I made no ſcrupulous heſitation, but, like our ſpirited Ambaſſador at the H——, executed my commiſſion with firmneſs and intrepidity. Some comical objections, with reſpect to Lady ——, I could not get the better of, even in my fallen ſtate; I therefore poſtponed to a more promiſing opportunity the pious interview, which I confeſs ſhe had authority to claim.

My friends in .....*ſhire* (and ſurely 'twas no graceleſs inſtance of my vene-

veneration) were honoured with the first enquiries. I found Lord *W*——, my kinsman, like a good citizen, cultivating the territories I had bequeathed to him: he had seen a world of changes, from the *antediluvian* æra to the moment of our intercourse; and was precisely at that period the representative of *Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter*, a name and character almoſt forgotten. My F——, whom I addreſſed with filial reverence, was not far diſtant: I diſcovered him emboſomed in an antique of *Lucian*, which he had erected in the centre of an almoſt impenetrable grove. *Sh——ne* was beſide him, in the marble figure of *Theocritus*.—A pair ſo truly virtuous could not have been happy in the participation of any other bleſſings, than thoſe which accompany the ſolace of mutual retirement. Lord *V*——, my B——, appriſed of my arrival by dint of ſpiritual inſight, paid his reſpects to me in pure abſtraction: his ſoul, a ſubject which had puzzled me ſo long, I found to be that ſelf ſame portion of immortality which had dwelt in *D'Avenant*, a wit of wicked memory; 'tis true, my late inſeparate has conſcientiouſly declined an equal ſcale of talents, as the *Humouriſt*. As the *Sad Dog*, however, and the *Gentleman*, his predeceſſor was a *Scipio* to him. "I rejoice to ſee thee," began my dignified Relation, little dreaming that this was a maiden trial of my univerſality, "even in the broken-winded wretch you repreſent. When "laſt I knew you, you were the puny ſon of primary exiſtence. Carry "this maxim with you through your moſt abject peregrinations, a piece "of counſel which ſome of your rude Untranſmigrates have imitated— "*Better a living* Poſt-Horſe *than a dead Lord*."

While I was thus acceding to more than lawful penance, amidſt the ſober dictates of my F——, the well-digeſted caution of my U——, the many ſtrenuous appeals of my well-wiſher the B—p of ——, who by the bye was ſquatting animation into the ruſt of an old *Otho*, and liſtening to the mal-practices of my lordly B——, my animal exiſtence was pacing on to *Hounſlow*. Many were the inſults I experienced betwixt the *Swan* at *Knightſbridge*, where *Whip* diſpoſed of *Count O'K—'s Eighteen-pence*, and *the lane* leading to *Gunnerſbury*, which even a *Royal Preſence* cannot diveſt of its old ignominy. Paſt miſdemeanors ſtare one in the face, when perhaps

perhaps the luſt of ſinning is no more, or the offender gone. This is the caſe with the *bye-road* in queſtion. The ſoul of *Koningſmark*, who murdered *Mr. Th..ne*, was condemned to expiate the crime by ten years reſidence within the hollow of *an elm*, there to be inceſſantly pent up in ſpite of cries and lamentations. The deed was perpetrated from a hope of enjoying the *Percy* eſtates, and perpetuating their honours to a foreign iſſue. It was therefore juſt the aſſaſſin ſhould meet his fate near the poſſeſſions of that illuſtrious family. Too contiguous a ſpot would have been odious to the diſtinguiſhed heir of *Sion*; an abode therefore on the oppoſite ſide of *Brentford*, and removed from the King's highway, being judged more eligible, *Gunnerſbury* was made choice of. Howls of inarticulate diſtreſs were often heard by nightly paſſengers (for *Koningſmark* was never virtually inherent in the nature of the tree)—robbers, devoid of apprehenſion, and taking advantage of the ſupernatural occurrence, maſſacred without a fear of moleſtation. *Koningſmark*, when releaſed from his captivity, left the remembrance of his exorciſed wretchedneſs behind. After eterniſing the memory of ſeveral public criminals with deteſtation, his ſpirit paſſed into the breaſt of *Cr—ſt-n*, and now dwells with the mercileſs, and it is to be wiſhed the yet unheard-of murderer of ... ... : .... Paſſing a well-known venerable pile, not far from *K*——, I perceived the cattle grazing on the lawn ſo wretchedly emaciated, that, in gratitude, I bleſſed my liberal-hearted maſter, and joined with them in c—ſing the E—l of ———, whoſe heart and pocket were alike unknown to pity and beneficence.—" No wonder," added the metamorphoſed Favourite of the laſt reign, —— *C—ſs of Y—m-th*, hobbling in the lank perſon of a *grey Mare*, " his Lordſhip, as you muſt have been previouſly ſen-
" ſible, is the *Tranſmogrif* of *Ben-Aminadab the Jew*, who, in the reign either
" of an *Edward* or a *Henry*, parted with eight ſound honeſt-rooted teeth,
" rather than aſſiſt in furniſhing a ſupply, by paying down a *quota* pro-
" portionable to his revenues; but," rejoined the merry Super-annuate,
" the King was ſo peremptory, and the Dentiſt ſo cruel-minded, that *the*
" *Iſraelite* came-to at laſt, without exacting any conditions for the loſs of
" ſo many valuable articles of his natural property. I wiſh our L—d

" no better fate!"—*Horſes and Colts, Oxen and Sheep, Geeſe, Ducks, and Chickens*, even *the Rats and Mice*, that were within hearing, ſo many weeping tranſmutates of Friars, Monks, Cardinals, and Abbeſſes, cried *Amen* moſt piteouſly to the ejaculation, and prayed in chorus for its accompliſhment. —Paſſing the *Bohemia Head* on *Turnham Green*, I challenged acquaintance with *Theodore King of Corſica*, who had contentedly taken up his reſidence in this ſhadowed image of ſtern Royalty. On his *Engliſh* death, he paſſed into the *Maſter-Key* of the doors which had ſecured him recently in the *King's Bench*. Preciſely at the period of a late memorable inſurrection, he ſhifted his quarters, and, as *his Highneſs* told me, diſcovered himſelf at the ſame moment ſwinging in the identical ſituation wherein I had accoſted him. *Staniſlaus King of Poland*, and *Charles the Twelfth of Sweden*, were ſentenced, ſome weeks paſt, to be twin brothers in thoſe lively eſſences, which *Tyro's* in our ſcience name, *the Two Pack-horſes*. They bear the irreverſible confinement without murmuring, fully confident that they ſhall one day claim precedency from *W——gton*, who (*Charles* avers) will animate a *little alehouſe ſign* on the other ſide the road, moſt ſcientifically daubed with a luxurious painting of the *Boſton Arms*.

Having reſpectfully taken *Congé* of my *Royal Friends*, who ſeemed to think my mode of expiatory probation no ſorry piece of generalſhip, I was buſily employed in an uniform *long trot*, when (juſt about the ſpot where wondering Cockneys loſe ſight of the whimſical *Lord E—'s* piece of *Chineſe Architecture*, which by the by was ſpiritually honoured with the retreat of Lady *N— P—'s* dauntleſs ſoul) I ſtood a formal battery from the Earl of *W——'s* newly purchaſed *Phaëton Whip*. Whether his L—d-ſhip wiſhed to flagellate me in ſpirit, or in fleſh, I cannot poſitively judge: the commiſſion was, however, executed with addreſs, and, conſidering the *prancing* terrors I aſſumed, with tolerable reſolution. As *Inſpector-General*, I was aſhamed; ——as Lord ——, I remonſtrated; and as *Sharp-ſhins*, neighed diſſatisfaction. The titled Miniſter of Malice was inexorable. His Lady too, diſloyal to the principles of her bewitching ſex, maintained indiſputably *pat*, that in *her F——'s* houſe, whenever ſhe got leave to lead *the Colts* to water, ſhe uſed to *whipp* and *torter* the poor *beaſtes*, till their very

very bones ſtood ſtaring from their fleſh. Fearing no better lot than my leſs refractory brethren had experienced, I threw away a hearty imprecation againſt theſe wretched *proof-impreſſions* of *Sancho Panza* and his help-mate *Tereſa*; and, while the Poſt-boy was reprobating his Lordſhip's wantonneſs with *turnpike-road* civility, offered up a prayer that the one might be condemned once more *to graze his aſſes*, and the other return *to bake her oatmeal cakes, and count her poultry*.

In the vicinity of *Old* and *New Brentford*, I diſcovered a multitude of motley characters, ſacred and profane. *Dalilah* was perched, *tout à ſon aiſe*, on a *Peruke-maker's pole*. *Lord H—b—t of Cherbury* ſurpriſed me ſtrangely, riveted in the front window of *the chapel:* but the fate of *B—p W—k-ns* being more truly characteriſtic than either of the former worthies, drew my principal attention. I complimented him moſt cordially on his promotion, which, in ſpite of its inconſtancy, was no ineligible bargain. The Prelate, on our prior ſyſtem of eſſence indiviſible, was ſeated on one of thoſe external and ingeniouſly-membraned limbs, whoſe progreſſive and retrogreſſive faculties aſſiſt in giving law to the well-regulated ſcheme within. The repoſitory I ſpeak of is, in ſhort, *a mill*, no leſs diſtinguiſhed for its extent and altitude, than for the honour and liberality of *Mr. R—*, its worthy owner. The B—p was ſo wholly taken up with ſpeculation, that he returned no anſwer to the urbanity of my *How d'ye?*—to be ſure, he was in a mixed ſociety, which might apologiſe for the neglect; *Pope G—g—lli*, *Mrs. W-ff—ton*, and *Bunyan*, the pious author of the Pilgrim's Progreſs, the three aſſociates of his *routine*, forming the noiſieſt *trio* that ever I was witneſs to.

When I conſidered the ſucceſſion of honourable ſpirits, which had invariably choſen *Sion Houſe* as their moſt hallowed dwelling, I was compelled, in juſtice to their memories, to demand the privilege of acceſs to this valuable relic of magnificence. I received a generous welcome from Lord *P——*, the tranſmigrate of *Hotſpur* his immortaliſed progenitor, and was aſhamed to ſee the virtuous aſſemblage of honour, courage, and generoſity, which attended on the union of two ſuch ſignal characters.

We had ſcarcely paſſed that lively and inimitable ſtructure, whereon the

the Duke of *N*—— has laviſhed no inconſiderable portion of expence, rather to gratify the public than himſelf, when an event engaged my notice, in which compaſſion and munificence heightened each other's excellence. *The Dow—r Lady G—w-y*, with her daughter *the Hon. Miſs Cb— M*——, were waiting for their carriage at the entrance of *S—n Lane*, when a diſbanded ſoldier, with two twin babes, whoſe ſilent wretchedneſs beſpoke the tribute of a commiſerating tear, petitioned for relief in the melancholy accents of a father's ſorrows, helpleſs, and frantic at his children's miſery. The exemplary repreſentative of that illuſtrious princeſs, to whom the ſelf-doomed citizens of *Calais* owed their releaſe, ſaw not the mournful picture without emotion. The lovely image of her gentle virtues partook alike in every tale which fancy formed, forcing its paſſage from the pale quivering lips of the infant-ſufferers, and ſympathiſed with every heaving ſigh that ſeemed to torture their repoſe. The chariot was remanded back—the interviews of compliment poſtponed—Grandeur ſeemed an exile from the ſcene, and Mercy, decked in every charm that ſanctifies Heaven's choſen *almoner* with radiance ineffable, and tranſports the ſuppliant with unutterable rapture, haſtened to extinguiſh its inferior luſtre.

I would have riſqued a *ha! ha! ha!* but the late mode-diſpoſing *Earl of C*—— called me to order, buried in the ſlender perſon of *a forged bank-note*. The noble *P—r* had juſt been pocketed by the *Right Honourable* miſtreſs of the houſe in queſtion, who *betted* a more honeſt-dealing adverſary, though not unlike him in *capariſon*, againſt this counterfeit of *ſterling currency*. Logicians have aſſerted, that a man's *pars ſpecialis* is *to laugh*. Curbed therefore thus illegally, though by a faſhionable tie, I enter on an inconcluſive argument, lopped of its chief branch. Venturing, however, with the chance againſt me, let me enquire of thee, courteous Reader, didſt thou ever think the *Queen of Spades* had been a member of the *Church of England? I trow*, thou anſwereſt in the negative. To be brief then, *the C—ſs Dow—r of* ..... no lukewarm friend to the eſtabliſhed faith, whom, at this early hour, I found ſcoring down *honours and the odd trick*, has been a gambler ever ſince the reſto-

reſtoration of King Charles. When *Lady of the Bed-chamber* to *Cla—ndon*'s fair daughter, ſhe entertained the court with *Puſh-pin*, an *impromptu* of her own invention. During the period of King William's government, her ſoul dwelt in the *Royal Portrait* I premiſed. In this illuſtrious character ſhe emigrated into H——d, and ſhifting an exiſtence ſo confined, grew up to her preſent ſtate of widowhood, the uniform *Eleve* of her firſt principles, and ſtill an *Engliſh woman* in her heart. At her left elbow ſtood the faithleſs Fair, to whom the amiable M—— of C—— had proffered vows rather of honourable than fond fidelity. She anſwered me with indignation, when I addreſſed her as Lord ——, and called on the Honourable Mr. B— to vindicate her conduct. B—, who had that moment turned a trump of quality, looked at her with reſentment, and would have harſhly called her the tranſmigrate of *Meſſalina*, had not I parried the accuſation, by refreſhening his memory with the death of *Rizzio*.

Some minutes after my ſoul and body fell into their next conjunction, I met *Buck C—ſh*, in the garb and character of an old drunken fiſh-woman, bawling *New Mackrel!* Being diſpoſed to validate the truth of her propoſition, I peeped into her dainty baſket, where the firſt object that moved my admiration was my old hearty chum in wickedneſs *Ch— P—ce*, gaſping among his ſcaly brethren, with the ridiculous proſpect (as I confidentially acquainted him) of procraſtinating his *exit*, and being gutted *tout vivant*.

My arrival in *Hounſlow* was peculiarly connected with the ſyſtematic order of my regular good luck. It was preciſely on the inſtant when *the D—ſs of M——* and *Lady M-ſh-m* were cavilling on a knotty point in the *ſecret hiſtory of Queen Anne*. *Her Grace* in the transformed appearance of *Mrs. ——'s Kitchen Chimney*, and her leſs elevated rival diſguiſed as *Squire ——'s Garret Window*, exhibited a ſolemn proof how indiſcriminate are the chances which conſtitute a *double-furniſhed* reſurrection. —After a decent *rubbing-down*, and a few honeſt tokens of rough congratulation, *Kitt* gratified my moſt luxurious wiſhes, by proffering me *a feed of corn*, the ultimate of my ambition. *R-ch-ſter*'s appetite was ſo unmanageable, that he could hardly ſpare an idle moment to bid me counterpoiſe-

terpoiſe my happineſs againſt the fate of *Sardanapalus*, whom he had ſeen publicly hunted in the diſconſolate condition of *a famiſhed Cat*.

Once more delivered from the moſt wretched article in my *Amende deshonorable*, I devoted the interval of eaſe to *ſpiritual* concerns. Whither to roam, or whom to viſit as *Univerſal Cenſor*, I could not readily determine. *America*, from the peculiar intereſt I had ever felt in its behalf, on loyal principles, engaged a prior right. The mean duplicity, and deluſive artifices, of certain *Foreign Courts*, required a præternatural *Examen* to be made into the ſeveral fallacies which had at once ſo totally ſubverted the *Law of Nations*, and ſeemed deſigned to prove the inſtrument of civil diſcord among ourſelves. Yet, to the valour of our commanders, and the ſteady firmneſs of our councils, an agency like mine muſt have been odious, neceſſarily arguing an appearance either of miſtruſt in the cabinet, or of inability in the field. I muſt confeſs that choice furniſhed the oppoſite ſcale with a preponderating argument in favour of *the Metropolis*. The period which had intervened, and the metamorphoſe my perſon had ſuſtained, improved rather than obliterated the memory of former gratifications. I poſtponed therefore my political enquiries, for the naughtier purpoſe of inveſtigating the preſent *poſt-obit* connexions of my once gaily-venturous *Town Allies*.

Imagine me deſcribing a career, baffling by its irregularity the ſubtle confidence of mathematical definition, and puzzling by its inviſible rapidity the laws of abſtract ſpeculation. In ſimpler terms, ſuppoſe me one while preſent at the *Morning Souper* of a *Time-perverting* hoſteſs, who ſubſtitutes magnificence and taſte for ſober hours and Engliſh hoſpitality—again, purſue my flight to a retreat more reputably famed for *Salique* influence, and ſee me fording through *Thames-ſtreet*, or pacing in *St. Mary Axe*—The ſucceſſion of an inſtant ſhall reſtore me to *Pall-Mall*, or drop me in the dirtier ſoil of *Stepney Cauſeway*. Thus far the premiſes.—May the concluſion be leſs irkſome!

Orpheus ſet *Cabbage Plants* a dancing. The tradition is authentic; but the corollary, an egregious blunder. The world has ſtamped a bigoted reſpect on this practitioner's abilities, and the riſing generation--excellent claſſics,

claſſics, but poor adepts in ſcepticiſm—ſeem quietly diſpoſed to let him wear the laurel without a ſcrutiny. The doctrine of inanimate and torpid matter being firſt unanimouſly *ſcouted*, nothing remains on the muſician's ſide, but that he fiddled an *Anno Mundi Reel*, and that—to the credit of their harmonious intelligence—the heathen tranſmutates of virgin boys and girls ſhuffled away the clods adheſive to their vegetable exiſtence, and *footed* it by inclination. His *Kit* muſt be allowed ſome merit from its antiquity, which I ſhall leave to be decided on *virtuoſo* principles.—— Having thus importantly paſſed cenſure on his *good Report*, it would be unjuſt to hide the fairer *traits* which brighten up his ſecondary character. I met him, on my volatile *Promenade* along *the Haymarket*, arm in arm with his reſtored *Eurydice*. Still harping on the miſchievous effects of *looking back*, he ſeemed determined to adopt the wiſer plan of exchanging only *ſide-glances* of conjugal affection, and, in conformity with the propoſed amendment, kept *minuet-time* with the progreſſive paces of his charmer. *Signor and Lady G——i*, the matrimonial *Renates* I ſpeak of, detained me many a tedious minute with *Opera* concerns: they ſpared me, to be ſure, a world of pain, which I muſt have employed on ſtrictures on *Italian* animation: having convinced me that *V--tris* had been a reſident in the *Apollo Belvidere*, that *Sl--gſby* was the *nimble-footed Mercury*, *B-ccelli* the *Venus de Medicis*, and *S--tini* the *Syren* with whom *Ulyſſes* would have compromiſed for his *ſang-froid*, they concluded by aſſuring me, that —— had been the noiſieſt of thoſe hungry Maſtiffs which preyed on *Scylla*'s entrails. Quitting my valuable Co-renaſcents, whom I had courteouſly attended in a *to-and-fro* direction, I heard a voice exclaiming *Hip*, on t'other ſide the way; I had no ſhare, however, in the ſummons, for *C-lm-n*, in whom I recogniſed the features of my ſchool-companion *Terence*, anſwered *Halloo!* juſt from my elbow. Studious to know the author of the firſt laconic ſalutation, I croſſed directly to the *Little Theatre*, and found *F—te*'s ſpirit almoſt evaporated in the perſon of *a fractured Play-Bill* of the laſt year. My viſit cheared him, ſpite of his bruiſes—his humour ſeemed to feel new life—"Thou ſee'ſt me haſtening," ſaid he, "by *piece-meal*, to a ſecond funeral; and yet, how ſorry is the preface to my de-

"parture!

"parture! G——ck and Qu—n have been diſpoſed of much more eli-
"gibly." "Where?" added I. "Conjunctively with *H--d-rſ-n*," re-
ſumed the broken-hearted humouriſt, "while I ſhall, in another life, per-
"haps, be ſentenced either to paſte the bills which dramatiſe my own pro-
"ductions, or, in the figure of *a Sweeper*, clear the ſtage for the appear-
"ance of thoſe comedians whoſe eſtabliſhment has been originally owing
"to myſelf." I counſelled him to hope for better days; and, after re-
peated aſſurances that the reputation of his ſucceſſor muſt advance him
to a more honourable department, left the penanced ſufferer in the ideal
bliſs of animating the *Stet Fortuna Domûs*, which Mr. C—— had modeſtly
inſcribed to his remembrance.

The powers which order our transformed diſtinctions, diſtribute us into
three ſeveral claſſes; one formed and regulated on the ſyſtem of Burleſque,
the others ranged as Accidental, or Correlative. When *Spencer*, the
court-favourite of a licentious reign, appeared again in *P——ck*, and
Falſtaff's ſoul dwelt in the meagre form of Mr. *E-w-s*, thoſe worthies
may be ſaid to have reviſited us *in argumento ad ridiculum*. *Hannibal*'s de-
ſtination to the office of *a Pioneer*, *Philip of Macedon*'s to *a Yeoman of the
Guard*, and *Boadicea* transfigured in the habit of *a Sutler*, are of the con-
gruous ſpecies. What ſhall we ſay of *Eikon Baſiliké* in the perſon of Mrs.
R-b-nſon, *Fair Roſamond's Cup* in the form of Lady *C*——, or *Merlin's
Wand* in the ſhape of Dr. *G——n*?—They muſt be indeterminate or ac-
cidental. I was principally led to theſe reflexions, from having peeped
into a Toy-ſhop, and diſcovered *Louis the Fourteenth* braced up in the
tight ſemblance of *an Eighteen-penny Drum:* the *Grand Monarque* growled
moſt majeſtically; and, on my ſpecifying how nobler a proſpect of gen-
teel accommodations ſeemed to invite him on the *Pont Neuf* than what
his *Demi-Godſhip* could expect in *Cockſpur-ſtreet*, the royal *Mal-content* had
nearly burſt his parchment barrier in exceſs of choler. Lord *M*——, the
Tranſmigrate of *Cymon*, married, yet unreformed, a verier ſimpleton than
his original, ſtept in during the unſcriptural reſentment of his moſt *Chriſ-
tian Majeſty*. *A Harlequin*, *a Rattle*, or *a Go-cart*, had been his *dernier reſſort*
for many well-ſpent years. He admired the *equilibrium* of their merits;
but

but, after *Five and Twenty*, discovered that their constancy grew irksome. A revolution was gravely recommended—and on this errand his L--dship met my observation. *Wheel-barrows*, *Whipping-tops*, and *Speaking-trumpets*, (*Courtiers* and *Statesmen* almost to a *Man*) had long divided his affections, when *Louis* caught his eye, and put a period to his irresolute uneasiness. The *Drum* being handed down, his *Majesty* informed of his dismission, and *My Lord* seated in his carriage, I left this ill-conditioned pair of animates, confident that their attachment must soon end in *spiritual loggerheads*.

Pall-Mall was evidently situated in a retrograde direction. I should have therefore naturally followed the curvilinear path, leading to *Charing-Cross*, had not the much-disfigured *Ch--chill*, issuing from his *centry-box* at *C—lton-House en militaire*, diverted my intention. "What! shall the "scourge of ministerial naughtiness become a pensioner on royalty?" said I, doubting the identicity of so misused a personage.—"That d—n'd "*Lord B—*," replied the Bard in uniform, "has been the author of this "flagrant piece of *S—tch* resentment. I have beheld him, smiling on my "forced apostacy, when he has passed me, muffled in the garb of honesty "and independence, to gain the readier admission at *St. Ja—s's*." "*A-propos*, *C——ll*," added I, "is this his Lordship's first appearance in the "*Eng—sh Cabinet?*"—"No, no," replied the magically-bound Declaimer, "he was a favourite in *King James*'s court; *C—r*, the encroaching *Earl* "*of S———t*, whose fair deportment you must have read of—*M-c--ly* "mentions him, I think—an honourable historian!—one that will vindi-"cate my former doctrines, when she has put the final stroke to *her* "apology, and revised that long-expected *History of her own Times*, which, "being printed in a small type, and bound in pocket volumes, will prove "her taste superior, and her precaution far more politic, than *Burnet*'s." Tired, as my Readers must have been by this time, of so dispiriting a lounge, I judged it more agreeable, after a decent *congé*, to leave this mortified disciple of *Mars* and *Phœbus*, not without a hearty prayer, that he might speedily be draughted for *America*. The *Duke of* ——, whose *S—tch* ecclesiastical concerns were never known to get the upper hand of

his *E—glish* temporal gratifications, had just pronounced it practicable to drive *a sledge cabriolet* with *three in hand*, when I withdrew from *C—lton-House*. *His Grace*, whose soul had first been housed within *a Centaur*, lay for a long time *dormant*, till he revived on *Chevy-chase*, and took the specious form of *an embodied Whipper-in*, one of the valiant *Douglas*'s retinue. His spirit, after a multitude of comical mishaps, centered at last where I discovered it, and powerfully did it assist in curbing *the Triumvirate* of *Korah, Dathan, and Abiram*, whose rebel inclinations were scarce *broke in*, after five years abode in the distinguished persons of *K—— F——'s bred nag-tails*. *Korah*, the instant he discovered me, petitioned for a moment's hearing: he testified the highest veneration for my former principles, and pronounced *V-lt--re* the only one of my cotemporaries who challenged a superior respect: after enumerating the many services for which he stood indebted to the benevolence of this philosopher, he declared himself the *Marquis*'s eternal slave, for that complete and masterly defence, by which he had elucidated the difficulties and confuted the misinterpretations which, thanks to the slavery of prejudice, had co-operated to blast his reputation. Fearful of being caught with so professed an infidel,—lest malice should suggest that I had countenanced his mode of reasoning,—I censured him, *en passant*, for the blasphemous liberality of his opinions, and retired more heartily *shamefaced* than I had ever felt myself when Lady ——— has detected my best-concerted gallantries.

M-son, who had just been strenuously busied in the unprofitable task of *furbishing a B-rth-day's Ode*, met me before *the blush* was off my cheek.—The soul of *Pindar* was within him.—After *the nod genteel*, he entered on the growing influence of *Parnassian dullness*, seemed inconclusive with regard to the *L—d L———t* of a neighbouring kingdom, excepted *W-rton* from the list of puny pilfering copyists, and whispered me that he could make nothing of the *L———t*;——not a word of my own pieces, though I intreated him to estimate their merits candidly. Lord *G——*, whose *mal-adroitness* has now and then disturbed a more important interview, had just got sight of *Lady G—d—n's head-dress*, when, eager to attest his duty and affection, he overturned poor *M-son*, in *stepping* to *Sir S——'s vis-à-vis*,

à-vis, and left the Bard to ruminate on the occurrence. So lamentable a chaſm in our critical illuſtrations cannot but be regretted by the curious in literary calumnies.

—Of all the evils incident to man, *Lord S——* eſteemed *a joſtling* the leaſt deſirable. It hurt his *ſenſibility* to *take the kennel* of an upſtart, and a *rencontre* with two *arm-in-arm* antagoniſts was ſure to be productive of a fortnight's altercation. From this motive, and one may reaſonably gueſs this only, his L—dſhip in dry weather paces contentedly along the *open ſtreet*: a carriage now and then diſcourages him; but he has generally the ſatisfaction of diſtancing the *path-way* paſſengers. This noble foe to *fripperies* either in *raiment* or *religion*, had in the ſelf-ſame moment made good *his croſſing* from *St. J—s's Square*, that *M-ſon* maddened at his own beſmeared and *undramatical cataſtrophe*. Leaving the *Poet's* anger for the *Patriot's rêverie*, my eye had careleſsly caught hold of *S——'s* perſon, when, from the *tout-enſemble* of his ſtyle and manner, I at firſt miſtook him for *H——d Earl of A———*, his *Lordſhip's* queer progenitor. The blunder was without excuſe, I own; for, though the garb was perfectly in character, the manners were reverſed. On a nearer examination, I perceived this noble adjunct to *C—s F— and Sir J—s L——* to be no leſs a perſonage than *R——d C——ll*, *Ol—ver's* degenerate and ſhort-lived ſucceſſor. He was in buſy argument, *where* not *a cur* in adminiſtration would have wiſhed to interrupt him;—one while confounding all *M—chical* diſtinctions, then voting for a general *r-ligious abj-r-tion*, or threatening to diſcontinue *Lady S——'s Pin-money*, when *Colonel F——*, parent to the lovelier image of *Ophelia*, paſſed in his antiquated chariot (a piece of mechaniſm that would have ſeemed to fly—before the *Revolution*), and broke abruptly in upon his *S-n's* abſtraction.—Peeping beneath the *box-cloth*, I beheld the hoſpitable old Lord *Sc—m-re*, anticipating the extinction of his family in the perſon of *a Braſs Nail*, and purſuing my reſearches, diſcovered the merry *D——ſs of B——*, a generous-minded ſoul when —— was leſs in faſhion, inhabiting the *Axle-tree*. *Her G—*, though ſhe had more than once condemned the *H—ſhire* rudeneſs of her *H——'s Curricle*, found herſelf wonderfully eaſy in its preſent ſtate, and, being fated with incon-

inconſtancy, ſuited the *Colonel*'s paces to a miracle. She called *Lord T—— a Bore*, and laughed at certain prejudices on his *L-dy*'s ſide ſo heartily that the old *P—r* from his ſuperior elevation enquired the matter in debate. Juſt at this period the carriage ſtopped, and I withdrew.—*The D——ſs, en cavalier* hallooed after me, and wiſhed ſhe had been better able to have accommodated my little peculiarities.

Vital exiſtence being diſtributed thus copiouſly, well is it with the ſeparating ſpirit, which cheriſhes a kindred hope of being portioned off to its deſcendant—in the fleſh. Such *a reverſion* in the diſtant counties is ſaid to be no novelty. Nearer the metropolis, and amongſt our perſons of diſtinction, the ſouls of half a dozen generations back are very rarely lodged *at home*, and when they meet with *houſe-room*, the *Patent-Place* is found to be no *Sinecure*. *Lord G— G——* incorporates (if I may ſpeak ſubſtantially) the co-exiſtence of his great anceſtor *Sir Edward S——*, but, owing to an oddity of temper, *Sir Edward* never valued the connection from an infant. *The Knight* (as we may gather from the *Guardian*) was of ſo fiery a diſpoſition, that he would pink a man for *ſneezing*, and at the ſame time ſo conſtitutionally phlegmatic, that he would calmly bear to be anatomized, without diſtorting the arrangement of a muſcle. *Lord G——*, gravely reflecting that your deſperate *Bravoes* generally come off a limb or two the worſe, and valuing his life too dearly to ſtake it on the whim of every *Mercenary* Trooper, *Zonam qui perdidit*, expunged the family device, which may proverbially be rendered *Neck or Nothing*, and, like the pitiable *C——tt*, *capitulated* for the martial honours only of a ſurrender.

Enmities *on record* are hard to be forgotten. I could perceive a ſmile of ſatisfaction, which *his G—'s* decency could ſcarce make ſhift to ſmother, when the *D--- of H——* paſſed *Mr. D——s's*, and beheld the *Bronze* embelliſhments which darkened *all* the *Court-yard*. Among the furniture, which was prepared for a removal, I diſcerned a *pocket lanthorn*, on a *new conſtruction*. The novelty of its appearance ſurpriſed me for a moment; the greatneſs of its quality completed my amazement, for the *Duke of D——s* was confined within its ſurface. "Joy! my L--d Duke," ſaid I,

"*A—ld*,

" *A—ld*, your ſucceſſor, will uſe you tenderly, I warrant." The haughty *Caledonian* would have kicked me, had he been able. I convinced him that his deſtiny was highly analogical: he made me no reply. I aſked his preſent ſentiments on the legality of *S--tch* deciſions: he *d--n'd* my curioſity, and I retired.

Regenerates, like worms, live on, though they be cut aſunder. Such was my reflection, when I beheld the careleſs *B-nn-ll Th--nton* animating the remnants of a cracked *Tobacco-pipe*. Collecting his exiſtence into a central point, common to each extremity, he prayed the next foot-paſſenger might cruſh him into powder, if he was not heartily rejoiced to ſee me in ſuch honeſt plight. " Lord ———," ſays he, " thou wert ſo ar-
" rant an offender, thy life ſo notorious, and thy principles ſo unpromi-
" ſing, that, *ſans cérémonie*, I looked for nothing leſs than to ſee thee de-
" cently diſpoſed of. I believed, as firmly as I now revoke the ſlander,
" that thou wert deſtined to be huddled up by turns in every *Petticoat*
" throughout *K—g's Place*. Rank and alliance I know to be mere nuga-
" tory diſtinctions. Nay, to be more explicit, the ſeveral revolutions in
" our tranſitory ſtate ſeem in my judgement to have been uniformly built
" upon this maxim—The higher dignity, the fairer game. Libertines of
" Faſhion are therefore ſure of an uneaſy reſurrection." " On what au-
" thority," ſaid I, " do you advance the arguments of this proviſionary
" ſcheme?" " The ſureſt," added *B——ll*, " as I ſhall readily con-
" vince you. I have myſelf been witneſs to the ſequeſtration of near
" three hundred ſouls, all ſhifted ſince the Revolution. I have ſeen *Lord*
" *H——y*, a very pretty writer *entre nous*, though *Pope* has hurt his cre-
" dit, fretting at the illiberality of his purgation in a *Cambrick Hand-*
" *kerchief*. You recollect the *Earl of B——'s* laſt injunction—*My Fa-*
" *ther's works ſhall not be publiſhed.* Well, my Lord, that very conſcientious
" Son is at this moment expiating his offences in the perſon of a *Special*
" *Licence*. *C— Duke of M———*, born to command, and dying, as
" every one imagined, to renew his conqueſts, acts in no higher a de-
" partment than that of helping to complete the new-raiſed regiment
" of the *newer Lord S——*, who promiſes, the firſt campaign, to advance

" him to an enſigncy. *Lord B——*, who was my author, has engaged to " ſtand his friend, and purpoſes to put him in commiſſion at the next *gaol-* " *delivery*, ſhould the titled Col—l refuſe to make his bargain valid." Excuſe " the interruption," added I, " but let me beg you to communicate ſome " more ſeaſonable diſcoveries with reſpect to my cotemporary Tranſmi- " grates." " Moſt willingly," replied the humorous, though diſmembered repreſentative of *Yorick*, " I cannot but commend your curioſity. " To begin then with *Lord F——*, your poorly-pittanced neighbour. " *H——y*'s ill-luck, you muſt remember, procured a *P——ge* to his " F——. The captivating ſplendor of his better fortune dazzled the " *S— and H—r*, and chouſed him out of an eſtate. Till the final exit " of *Lord M—gt—n*, this inconſiderate nobleman kept within the pale " of moderation. The *gambling* ſpirit of the deceaſed adventurer ſoon " crept however into *F——*'s good graces, conquered his ſober difficul- " ties, and ſupplanted his worthieſt reſolutions. He ſaw the *A——n*'s " accumulated property, envied his wealth, was jealous of his influence, " *played deep*, and got himſelf *diſ——ted*. The *Duke of ——*, whom " the privilege of *B—d R—l* could not reſpite, is ſentenced to a weary " reſidence in *Betſy Cox's Stocking*. *His H——ſs*, whom I think you muſt " have known, ſpeaks of his misfortunes like a *Pr—ce* and a Philoſopher. " He comments on his ——'s delicacy with ſerious compaſſion, and of- " fers five to one that either of them would change ſtations with him. " *Lord B—lt——re* plies every night beſide the watch-box near the door " of *Exeter 'Change*, in the perſon of a piece of mechaniſm ſacred to *Cy-* " *therea*. I have known ſeveral who ſpeak highly of his ſervices. *Lord* " *C——* is paſted up, not many leagues from *S—— G——*, in the re- " commendatory form of a *Medicinal Manifeſto*, beginning—*Leake's Juſtly* " *Famous Pill*. *Lady H—— and the Hon. Mr. M——* were ſeen in *Ox-* " *ford-Road* laſt *Execution Day*: they were alternately ſwearing againſt " each other; ſhe a *Cb—d*, he a *Burglary*; and being taken into cuſ- " tody, were committed on the Vagrant Act." At this inſtant Sir *W—— W—— W—*, whoſe honour and generoſity are the topic of univerſal admiration, was alighting from his carriage to enquire *Lord T——*'s ſen-

riments on a particular in *Mr. G——lle's Bill.* I foreſaw the conſequences if he ſhould ſtep on my intelligent acquaintance. *B——ll* too expected it, but with a degree of heroiſm that charmed me. 'Twas a dreadful pauſe! "Farewell," ſaid he, "I know my fate, and am reſigned to the "event." Happy ſerenity! I would have anſwered, but my fears prevented me. Every nerve was tortured while *Sir W——* gave directions to the footman. He advanced his foot, and—my Friend was no longer a Tobacco-pipe. His immortal eſſence fled from the cruſh to animate a piece of worthier mortality.

St—t Earl of Darnley, the father of *King J-m-s*, whoſe ſorrowful cataſtrophe proved a juſt prelude to the death of *Mary*, ſtopped me, as I was haſtening to explore new paths of ſcience, and detained my perſon beyond the power of a reſcue. After a brief elucidation of his hiſtorical diſmiſſion, wherein he owns himſelf obliged to *Dr. R——ſon* for the veracity and elegance with which that excellent and learned writer has juſtified his conduct, he proceeded to acquaint me, that his ſubſequent exiſtence had been more fatally diſtinguiſhed than any period in his untranſmigrated life. "To read of *Sir Thomas O—bury*, and not to plead for "vengeance on his murderers, is at once," ſaid he, "ſo oppoſite to juſ"tice and humanity, that Stoics muſt abhor the imputation. How doubly "wretched then muſt I have been, when deſtined to become a ſecond time "the tortured victim of reſentment in the perſon of that unhappy ſufferer, "I beheld my *S-t* all but an accomplice in the guilt of *S-m--ſ-t!* But I "abuſe your complaiſance by a detail of facts which hiſtory will have in"formed you of. The powers which interfere in the nomination of our iti"nerary appointments, wearied at length with making me the choſen object "of ſucceſſive perſecutions, raiſed me at a convenient ſeaſon to a poſt leſs "dangerouſly honourable. As I had already been the ſport of female malice, "they reverſed my fortune, and created me the favourite of female confi"dence. To avoid prolixity, I was commiſſioned to enjoy myſelf in the ſub"ſtantial well-clothed *Enveloppe* of *Lady B—th's Arm-chair*. The office was "not uncomfortable, though the *Counteſs* was no *light weight*; but perhaps "my former ſufferings rendered me callous to the impreſſions of my ponde-

"rous

" rous antagoniſt. During the intermediate reigns, I had reſided chiefly " at the *French Court*, when my tranſitions were ſo repeatedly unintereſt- " ing, that they will not bear to be enumerated: you now behold me " never a whit the worſe for my probationary changes, in the nominal " appearance of *General J*——. The firſt ten days after the honey-moon, " I was cruelly apprehenſive of another burial: my courage failed me too " rather ſuſpiciouſly, when in my government at *M*—; but, thanks to the " goodneſs of my conſtitution, I made one hearty puſh, and got the " better of every ſymptom that alarmed me." After thanking him reſpectfully for his entertaining narrative, I was about to take my leave, when recollecting that habitual talkers love to be interrogated, I begged him to intruſt me with one important article of ſecret intelligence, to which he could not be a ſtranger. " Prythee, *Gen—l*," ſaid I, " what " is become of your firſt *Spoſa, Mary Queen of Scots?*" The Son of *Mars* ſeemed diſconcerted. " Surely," added I, " the lovely authoreſs of ſchemes " ſo complicate, and ſtratagems ſo politic, cannot be ſentenced to anni- " hilation." No," replied the veteran unwillingly, " ſhe is ſtill mine,— " *Verbum ſat ſap. The angel* lives in *Lady C*—." *Mon Dieu!* ſaid I, and pitied the renewal of his old diſtreſſes.

When I commemorate the periodical journies, perhaps, of an antediluvian ſoul, and its final reſtoration in the perſon of ſome *Novus Homo* of the preſent generation, I would not be ſuppoſed to intimate that the original ſanctity communicated to it at ſo remote an æra, could poſſibly remain inviolate, or its tenure be unimpaired. As bodily infirmities affect the mind's tranquillity, ſo bodily changes are inimical to its purity, or deſtructive to its abilities. However, the ſpirit of the Archetype being ſtill indelibly preſerved, we admire the portrait without enquiring into the nobler excellences of the original. *The Duke and Dutcheſs of C*——, ſomewhat miſuſed by a long ſeries of intervening tranſmigrations, yet formed for the participation of connubial happineſs, were known, in earlier times, by the greatneſs of their characters and the ſingularity of their connexion. The hiſtory of *Ruth and Boaz* preſents us with their firſt attachment. The

memo-

memorial is ſacred, and the primæval ſimplicity of her *R—l H—ſs* incomparably diſplayed.

I had hardly reached the *Smyrna*, when *Lady Ch——* and *Major M——* paſſed me, on full gallop. The Major's *Amor Patriæ* pleaded with ſuch eloquence in defending his inconſtancy, that her Ladyſhip was prevailed on to let his duty cancel his affection; though while his *King and Country* gave leave, ſhe ſtipulated for a conſtant reſidence. So buſily was I engaged in wondering at a *Tête-à-Tête* thus criminally unfaſhionable, that I had almoſt ſuffered the fond pair to elude the vigilance of my enquiries before my recollection got the upper hand of my amazement. Conſcious of the offence, and ſeriouſly reflecting on the nature of my embaſſy, I meaſured back the diſtance of near *two hundred yards*, and ſcrutinizing the abſtract qualities of the married couple with ſpiritual familiarity, diſcovered them to have been præ-exiſtent man and wife in the characters of *Beau F—d—g and the D—ſs of Cl——d.*

Returning to *St. J—s's*, I was at once ſo teazed with compliments, and environed with carriages, that had my ſoul been ſuſceptible of the incumbrance, I muſt have finally diſproved all my preceding arguments, and eſtabliſhed *Dr. P——'s Materialiſm* beyond a poſſibility of error. The *Duke of Wh--rton*, in the perſon of *Lord Le D——*, aſſured me, loud enough to have been liſtened to by every metamorphoſed Courtier in the Drawing-room, "That he'd be d—n'd if he hadn't offer'd to bet his "cellar full of claret, that the D—l, or ſome one of his commiſſioners, "would portion me off into the carcaſe of ſome beaſt of burthen, within "an hour's journey from the capital; and," added his Grace, "I've "been enquiring your deſtination, as all the town can teſtify, ever ſince "the day of your interment." I thanked the noble *Duke* for the honour of his obliging condeſcenſion, and was proceeding to enquire the ſtate of his improvement at *W——*, when the *C—ſs Dow—r of H——* and *Lady C——* peremptorily inſiſted on an audience, and hurried me triumphantly away, in ſpite of *Wh--ton*'s bittereſt imprecations, who c-rſed them for a couple of the moſt obſcene B——s that ever faſcinated a well-diſpoſed young fellow from the firſt duties of penitential decency. The

hiſtory of the fifteenth century ſpeaks of theſe two notorious Tranſmigrates without recording them by name. We read in *Rapin*, that they were tried, condemned, and burnt near *Smithfield*, for various miſdemeanors, of which the ſin of witchcraft is regiſtered as the moſt heinous. Flagellating young men for refuſing to yield to their deſires, deflowering virgins by the ſecret influence of their magical conſpiracies, ſhaking the bed-poſts of old maids, bewitching their inclinations, terrifying the ſenſes of the young, counteracting the wiſhes of the old, were the ſeveral indictments proved againſt them, which at once atteſted the enormity of their lives, and juſtified the ſeverity of their ſentence. Betwixt theſe daring and unprincipled delinquents, it was my fate to be detained. I pleaded buſineſs, they laughed at my ruſticity: I argued the neceſſity of an obedience to my firſt engagement; beaſt as I was, they almoſt ſmothered me with kiſſes. I conjured them to reverence my chaſtity——they . . . . . .

To have borne the worſt, is oftentimes calamitous; yet to have nothing left to fear, is an inſuperable antidote, and I felt its ſalutary effects. Having new-modelled me conveniently for their purpoſe, and effectually diſcountenanced every *trait* of baſhful ſentiment or ſcrupulous repugnance, they made me the boſom-counſellor of their moſt intimate concerns, and explained to me the ſecret and governing influence of their moſt important intereſts. "The world has wondered," ſaid the *Counteſs*, "and "even now affects to be unſatisfied, why *Lady V*—— and I ſhould be "ſo palpably diſtinguiſhed for —*ding* our *H*——*ds*. Receive it as a truth, "my dear *Lard* ——, when circumſtances ſuch as theſe create amaze- "ment, we may eſteem it as a moral certainty that maiden-wives, I mean "firſt pure original exiſtences, are numerouſly diſperſed; beings which "never yet have dreamed of the *Metempſychoſis*, tutored in idle fancies "of their own, applaud or cenſure, juſtify or blame, an order of events "conducted on a ſyſtem extraneous from their reaſon, and unintelligible "to their capacities. Our H--bands, had we been willing to overlook "their frailties, could not have challenged our eſteem. They have "played ſo many ſcurvy parts, ſince their firſt entrance on the ſtage of "life, that it was no breach of charity in us to treat them with the indiſ-

"ference

" ference they merited. In the diſhonoured garb of ſanctity, after having " previouſly made their continence ſuſpected, as a political preliminary, " they parleyed with *Suſannah* in the *chaſte* perſons of *the Two Elders*. " Holy Writ ſpeaks of their infamous hypocriſy with deteſtation. *Lord* " *H*——, Heaven bleſs him with all the happineſs he's capable of " taſting! finds but cold comfort, I conjecture, in his preſent deſtiny." " How ſo," ſaid I, " my Lady?" " You ſhall be left to judge," replied the Dow--ger; " but, by my widowhood, I charge you never to abuſe my " confidence." I vowed aſſent; and, from the nature of her Ladyſhip's injunction, I ſtand acquitted of having forfeited my honour. " My " Lord," rejoined the Demi-Sorcereſs, " you muſt remember the con- " ſtruction of our cellars in *the S— Y—*, the beſt adapted, as I'm told, " for a conveniennt retreat of any in the kingdom—ſpacious and mecha- " nical! A pretty ſnug *chateau*, you know, cannot always be engaged " at half an hour's warning, as *Lady C—* convinced me, when ſhe beſpoke " my ſubterraneous *ſuite* of rooms for *Mr. B*——. *Fort bien!* To be " explicit, I had the prettieſt Bitch, perhaps, you ever ſet your eyes on: " *My Daughter* gave it me. Well, my Lord, this Bitch had been in *pup* " about two days, when *Lady E— S—* left me: I removed the charming " little creature to her apartment; I attended her as fondly as I would " the nobleſt *P—ſs* of the realm in her predicament, and hoped to be as " fortunate in the ſucceſs of my reſtoratives. Things were as promiſing " as any Married Woman could have wiſhed. My *H--band* was dying, " *C—* was careſſing me, and my Bitch in a fair way, when *Lord G——r's* " *Fox-dog*, the Tranſmutate of *Ch--tres*, got acceſs inadvertently to my poor " Innocent, and . . . . . The ſhock was ſo violent, though the dear crea- " ture would have ſurvived it at any other time, that her death was in- " ſtantaneous. Tears and imprecations are girliſh and contemptible. " There is a ſpecies of revenge which neither dogs nor men can laugh at. " This, *de ma propre main*, I exerciſed upon poor *Fox*, and chained him " on the very ſpot where he committed the barbarity. In about three " days, *My Lord* expired, and, would you credit it, he animates the " ſelf-ſame Quadruped I ——ted." I laughed much at the ſingularity of

" her

her Ladyſhip's whim, and interceded for kind uſage to the wretched victim. The Widow promiſed to be round with him, in ſpiritual cenſure, and if he pleaded for forgiveneſs, to let him looſe once more. "Well, "*my Lady C—*," ſaid I, "any domeſtic diſcontents at *B—ham*, any new "*fracas* to alienate your Lord's affection?" The little Profligate bade me be civil, and ſhe would tell me all. "*Lord C---*," added the Female *ſans-ſouci* Philoſopher, "though an undoubted ſimple, has as "many unpleaſant peculiarities as any compound in the whole material "ſyſtem. He is at once — ——— ——." At this moment the carriage door was opened, and their Ladyſhips prepared to run the gauntlet along that narrow line which ſeparates the gazing multitude, who make a brilliant Drawing-room their carnival. I lamented the interruption, and begged the honour of a future interview. It may perhaps be wondered how ſo prolix an *entretien* could be compriſed within the narrow ſpace of time which intervened between my Patroneſs's coming parallel to the *St. James's Coffee-Houſe*, and their *final drawing-up* at the *Palace-gate*. I will endeavour to explain the difficulty. The *Earl of S———* was, ſtep by ſtep, deſcending from his wedding-coach, when our *éclairciſſement* began. His Lady, fearing a ſucceſſion of remorſe, jocoſely puſhed him, reminding him at the ſame minute, that as his Lordſhip had ſo long eſtranged himſelf from R—l confidence, *his M——* muſt be impatient to welcome his return. When Women interfere in Politics, their beſt-concerted projects ſucceed ſomtimes but ſcurvily. The *D---ſs of B——*, whom I ſhall ſketch more roughly by and by, is an exception to the ſlander, being left in full poſſeſſion of the regency, by the ſign-manual of her deceaſed and honoured Lord.——But to purſue my narrative. A ſhock ſo unexpected diſordered the perſon, and diſconcerted the principles, of the noble *P--r*. A gentler puſh would have done credit even to a *Machiavel*, but *Lady S——* inherited that kindred violence which ſo ponderouſly diſtinguiſhes the E--- her Brother in too eminent a degree to *ſhove* with temper or *fineſſe*. What *Col. B—* would think, what *Dr. P—* would think, what *Lord M—n* would *ſay*, ruſhed in a moment with complex impetuoſity into the ſeat of recollection, and by their aſſociated impulſe made the illuſtrious advocate

for

for *Ariſtocratical indulgences* pauſe as he lifted his left foot. He turned his head; *Lady S—* began to fear for his conſiſtency: he knit his brow; her Ladyſhip turned pale: he talked of promiſes, vowed his abhorrence of duplicity, and wiſhed that he had never been married. The injured Mediatrix in behalf of his political compoſure, wept and fainted; not, however, till ſhe had urged him to remember his treaty with *Lord O——*. His Lordſhip was alarmed: the ſacrifice which *Y—* eſteemed due only to his *S—v—n*, *S—* thought owing to his *W-fe*. Matters were therefore mutually adjuſted. The noble pair were uſhered up the ſtair-caſe, paid their compliments, and *were moſt graciouſly received*.

Demurs like this are ſo unfrequent within the precincts of *the Court*, that I may reckon it a well-timed teſtimony of my præternatural miſſion, to have been preſent at a juncture thus important. The incident was of a caſt ſo novel, and, abſtracting the matrimonial interpoſition, ſo ſimilar to a former ſtruggle of my own, that it engaged my wonder for ſome minutes. Long as the period may be thought, for a being of my *Prepé*-omniſcience, I ſhould not even then have been awakened from my ſegregate reflexions, had not *Lord H—d*, in the perſon of the *Earl of A——'s gold Key*, roared me from my *rêverie*. "Surely, my Lord," ſaid I, "you "ſuffer." "Moſt wretchedly," replied the broken-hearted *P— M—r*; "I have been tortured here theſe ſix years, without the reſpite of an "hour." "What was the prelude to your preſent bondage?" added I. "I'll tell you," ſaid the Noble Lord moſt piteouſly; "and I'm confident, "you'll pity me. On my demiſe, my ſpirit paſſed into *Dick R—'s Me*-"*morandum Book*; a very decent receptacle! I thought myſelf ſecure of "*Dick's* good word, at leaſt; but the event proved otherwiſe. When "certain ſecret information made its way to court, *R—* was interrogated. "He vowed (and he ſpoke truth) that he believed me to be a much "honeſter fellow than my enemies gave out. Some official truths ſoon "undeceived him. He bit his lips, owned himſelf impoſed on, and made "haſte home. This *St——n* told me ſome weeks before his death. On "opening his *Bureau*, he graſped me angrily, and ſcattered the papers I "contained about his chamber, with ſeeming agitation. I knew the raſhneſs

" of his temper, and ſoothingly enquired the reaſons of his diſcompoſure.
" I can aſſiſt you, *R*— ſaid I, in any caſual dilemma: you know my long
" experience, and may command my ſervices. Hideous as are the phan-
" toms of imagination, the features of my mercileſs aſſaſſin exceeded all
" their horrors. The calumny of his reproaches equalled the terror of his
" countenance. Seating himſelf on a ſopha, he upbraided me with fraud,
" artifice, and rapine. I pleaded guilty. The proſpect of a reprieve was
" the ſummit of my wiſhes, an acquittal I had no reaſon to expect; yet
" even here my hopes were fruſtrated. Tearing me page by page, he
" firſt diſmembered my exiſtence, and committing me with imprecations
" to the flames, reduced my perſon to a vapour. My ſoul, the ſeat of ſenſi-
" bility, felt the infliction of his vengeance, with a ſeverity of anguiſh
" that would have compromiſed for half a hundred common ſins. Con-
" demned to painful immortality, it paſſed in to *a Hundred-pound bank-*
" *note*, which was by turns the property of *Hugo M*—— and *my Son C*——.
" Here I eſteemed myſelf at leaſt obnoxious to no violent diſaſter. My
" intrinſic worth promiſed to ſcreen me from premeditated evil, and the
" profeſſion I was inſtrumental to, appeared to intimate that I ſhould
" fall into no vulgar hands. Scarce had I muſtered up ſufficient courage
" to be contented with my ſituation, when *C*—— came up to town, loſt
" ſome *cool hundreds* to *Lord C—ne*, and paid me down (his venerable
" Father) to ſatisfy his Lordſhip's preſent exigencies. To be brief, *Lord*
" *C*—— preſented me to *Mrs. B-d—ley*, who, in a fit of jealouſy, con-
" tempt, and malice, gave him a receipt, and ſwallowed me trium-
" phantly: I had, however, the ſecret ſatisfaction, before I died, of
" hearing my devourer's ſides well banged for the offence. The *Earl of*
" *D*——— was *Cb*——*lain* when my departed ſpirit firſt took ſhelter in
" its preſent reſidence. He was the Tranſmigrate of *Agamemnon*, and,
" like his great original, abhorred a *dirty fellow*. During his government
" you muſt conclude I was in ſorry plight. On the *M*—— *of C*———'s
" ſucceſſion my caſe was very little better. He perſonated the illuſtrious
" and amiable *Marquis of Bl—df—d*, his honourable relation, and ſhewed
" me many mortifying incivilities, though on a gentler ſyſtem. I re-

" joiced

" joiced ſincerely at his reſignation, and, for a conſiderable period, was " quietly locked up from all rebukes but thoſe of conſcience. After a " bleſſed *inter-regnum* of ſome months, the *Earl of A———*, by royal " mandate, took me in poſſeſſion. He inherits the ſoul of *B—tt*, com- " petitor with *Baliol*; a ſoul once tinctured with the barbarous impetuoſity " congenial to that æra, but, by the gradual refinement of ſucceeding " reigns, improved with every attribute of gentler virtue, and poliſhed " with an elegance of maners that dazzles even the luſtre of a court. I " knew his Lordſhip from a child, and thought myſelf entitled to kind " uſage, on the authority of old acquaintance. His Lordſhip's ſenti- " ments were different: he denied the charge of former friendſhip, " reflected on the notoriety of my paſt life, and expreſſed a doubt " whether my preſent mode of expiation would be eſteemed as adequate " to the enormity of my offences. Thus circumſtanced, I huſhed my " claims, and pleaded to his feelings—his probity—his riſing greatneſs! " He promiſes to pity my diſtreſs; yet, ſpite of the *eulogium* I have " beſtowed on him, he only ſhews his lenity by fits. I fear to murmur " at his chaſtiſement, even when he *twinges* me ſo *d—bly*, that all *her* " *M—y*'s moſt *gracious* houſehold exclaim for mercy." The noble *E—* was ſtill in converſation with *Lord C—t—n*, on the progreſſive ſtages of a late amorous *méchanceté*, when I took leave of his illuſtrious priſoner. He ſaw me as I paſſed; but ſo convincing were the marks of his diſpleaſure, that I ſheered off, without a hope of being better treated than the diſtinguiſhed culprit whom he was then *pinching* confidentially.

Eaſe and agility are the *ſine qua non* of an accompliſhed courtier. The maxim is ingenious enough. It was *Lord E—'s*, when *K-ſtris* promiſed to complete him for the next birth-day. And for the truth of it, *Lord M—* muſt bear me witneſs. I had juſt diſcovered *Thomas à Becket* and *Lord Bacon* in the *Biſhops A—* and *H—*, when the novelty of his Lordſhip's ſituation drew my notice. Full *thirteen minutes* had the noble repreſentative of *Robinſon Cruſoe* been *becalmed* in *Lord H—'s wake*, when, moved with indignation at being left aſtern the admiral, while veſſels of inferior force were crouding into action, the gallant *Journaliſt* preferred a general accuſation.

accuſation againſt the commander in chief, and every ſubordinate throughout the ſquadron. Oaths and imprecations, the rhetoric of each particular charge, were abundantly diſtributed from either window of his *tight-built vis-à-vis*, to the no ſmall annoyance of the gentler females *anchored along-ſide* of him. No redreſs was to be had. His Lordſhip, wearied and hopeleſs, owned it impracticable to ſtem the violence of the current, and raſhly ventured to elude its oppoſition, by *ſcudding* it *on foot*. To the aſtoniſhment of all who knew the noble Lord, he *made* the pavement without material damage; a circumſtance which ſeemed to put an end to all his apprehenſions. Scarcely had he advanced ten ſteps, when *a poor woman*, with an *infant* in her arms, offered him the wall. *Lord M—*, well knowing that bluntneſs is eſteemed a ſeaman's characteriſtic, and willing to aboliſh the diſtinction, returned the compliment, but (like a true-born Engliſhman) without a ſyllable of argument. The aukwardneſs on either ſide was truly comical. *My Lord*, no more an adept in civility than his induſtrious rival, grew out of temper at the *étiquette* he had announced, and trying to recover his firſt track, knocked down *the woman* and her *child*, and remedied the difficulty. At the diſtance of about fifteen paces, his Lordſhip, too earneſtly endeavouring to preſerve a *ſteady* mean betwixt the *tacks* of compliment and prerogative, met the front pole of *Lady S—'s* chair, and collaring the worthy *P—ſ's* ſurpriſed and unſuſpicious foreman, maintained his hold, to the complete annihilation of every future project on ambulatory principles. The Noble and the Plebeian ſhared a kindred fate, except that the order of precedency was violated, and the man of baſer mould fell uppermoſt. "Caſualties," ſaid *Lord M—*, "enhance the value of ſecurity." "True," added *Lady S—*, "but it's an odious taſk to adminiſter the medicine one's ſelf." The neceſſity of calling a council on the ſtate of his Lordſhip's perſon was wiſely overlooked. His foul condition was irremediable. By the aſſiſtance of two conſtables, who cleared the path-way, *Cruſoe's* renowned degenerate, *mal à ſon aiſe*, ſtepped into his carriage, and beckoning philoſophically to one of his attendants, whiſpered his pleaſure that the coachman ſhould drive home.

Parting

Parting from my compeer, the *top-gallants* of whoſe reſolution were lowered in token of ſubmiſſion, I mixed again with the *foule brillante*, and ſingled out *Mr. C— J———* as a diſtinguiſhed reſidentiary on our ſyſtem. I diſcovered in this confidential Politician and able *Financier* the pure and ſpiritual eſſence of *Cardinal Richl—u.* His aſſiduity and penetration were in every reſpect worthy the illuſtrious Miniſter he repreſented, "*Rich-*" *l—u*," ſaid I, "how ſhould I have ridiculed the bare idea of your mi-" gration hither, five years ago! What a reſtraint muſt you conſent to " in accommodating the greatneſs of your ſoul to the inſolent *minutiæ* of " a Britiſh cabinet!" "My Lord," replied the Stateſman, "your concern " for me is well meant, though it originates in error. *Th——w* and my-" ſelf ſubmit to no appeal. This country, for its internal policy, looks " up to him; and, for the firm eſtabliſhment of its commercial intereſts, " I may be ſaid ....." I ſhould have caught, with *greedy ear*, the reſidue of this intelligence, wherein the oſtenſibility of the *P— C——* was ſo eminently verified, had not *His Grace of D——* paſſed me, and *ſneezed*, as he reviewed my immaterial ſoul. So rich a fund of eloquence from a Nobleman ſo ſilent demanded my attention while it pleaſed my vanity. I repaid *the Founder of La Trappe* (for the emigrated unity of ſoul was in an inſtant viſible) with an obeiſance almoſt idolatrous. The noble *D—* remarked the fervency of my devotion, and was about to own the obligation, when a thouſand modes of compliment occurred to his remembrance, each ſtriving for the preference; and *His Grace* was finally compelled to compromiſe the matter by an adventurous experiment on the collective ſyſtem of *pronouns, perſonal and poſſeſſive. The Fair Maid of Kent*, ſo partially diſtinguiſhed by poets and hiſtorians, engaged my admiration on the immature concluſion of my audience with the *Patriot D——*. She dwelt with improved excellence in the lovely form of *——Ducheſs of R——*, and would have captivated the ſenſes of a leſs notorious *Etourdi* than *T——*, ſo complex was the enchantment of her reſiſtleſs charms. Her preſence, I confeſs, abaſhed my reſolution. My boaſted impudence as *Lord ———*, my unconcern as *Sharp-ſhins*, forſook me at a cruel *nonplus*. By dint of that convenient particle of omnipotence miraculouſly.

culouſly beſtowed on me, I ſummoned a ſufficient ſtock of courage to enquire the reſidence of *Lady W—— W——*. "My Siſter," replied the gentle image of her beauties, "dwells in the *Altar-Piece* at *B—ton*." She poſſeſſed a ſoul pure as the repoſitory to which its flight was deſtined. At my requeſt *Her Grace* informed me, that the *Duke of B——* was as well the ſpiritual repreſentative as the perſonal deſcendant of *Edward III.* "The ſoul of my B—ther's prototype," added my kind inſtructreſs, "was formed for every glorious atchievement. The generoſity and ho-"nour which immortaliſed *King Edward*'s name are ſtill the choiceſt vir-"tues in the boſom of the Nobleman whoſe perſon he aſſumes, to which "he adds a ſpirit of independence almoſt obliterated, and an hoſpitality "regulated on the earlier principles of Engliſh manners." I could not forbear a third petitionary application. "Indulge me, lovely Tranſmi-"grate," ſaid I, "with an intimation of *Lord B—t—t*'s felicity. At "what ſhrine ſhall I diſcover the noble *P—r* envelopped in incommuni-"cable ſanctity?" "My Lord," replied the *Ducheſs*, "I am forbid-"den to reveal the ſecret. Be ſatisfied with the aſſurance that he is ſtill "in *N—th Am—ca*, and has contributed to the procraſtination of the "war, not leſs by the activity of his counſels than by the cautious "vigour of his military conduct."

Ruminating on the many changes which the ſucceſſion of every moment offered me, and which the approximity of a royal palace furniſhed more amply, I occupied a favourable poſt near the *St. James's Coffee-Houſe*, reſolving to intereſt myſelf no farther in the political or natural cauſes which gave birth to the *Metempſychoſis* of my friends, but to note down their tranſmigrations with the calm indifference of an unconcerned ſpectator. Adjuſting every neceſſary preliminary for the purpoſe, and diſguiſing my perſonality, I *reconnoitred* the eminent of ages paſt, without a fear of being diſconcerted by the frown of ſeverity, and commented on the declenſion of modern virtue without an apprehenſion of the *retort uncourteous*. Armed at all points, and ſecure in my ambuſcade, I preſerved a pacific mean betwixt aſperity on the one ſide, and *mauvaiſe honte* on the other, and ſcrutinized the *voyages d'ame* of my probationary aſſociates on neu-

tral principles. *Margaret of Anjou*, advanced a ſecond time to royalty in the character of —— *Ducheſs of* ——, engaged my notice by the peculiarity of her ſituation. Having impoſed on the credulity of *the P— her H——* with repeated ſucceſs, her *R—l H——ſs* exerted every effort which might eſtabliſh the pre-eminence ſhe aimed at, and riſqued the final iſſue of her hopes on the event of that day's ſcheme. The *D—*, a perfect type of *Henry VI.* had been already ſilenced. He even countenanced her propoſitions, and would have introduced her *manibus pedibuſque* to their *M———s* in full court. At this important juncture *Lady H——cke*, *Lady G——ch*, and a Peereſs or two more by right of inheritance, interrupted the general tranquillity! The *Duke of K——* and the *Chancellor H——* had taught the former Law; the *Duke of A——* had given the latter a leſſon in aſſurance: ſo that *Her H——ſs* had little quarter to expect from the combined attack. The *M——ſs* diſcuſſed her claims. The repreſentative of *C——ll's* bravery threatened a ſpeedy chaſtiſement. The *D——ſs* menaced in return, raved incoherently, and ended her angry vindication with the *l— direct* to every poſition of her antagoniſts. All was confuſion. Simples and concretes ran to learn the matter in debate, and, by a well-timed interpoſition, ſecured the properties, and poſſibly the lives of the exaſperated rivals. *C—r——d*, legibly inherent in his noble Couſin's petition for *a M— quiſate*, took up the cudgels firſt in favour of his *W—dow*. An univerſal tranſmigrative cry of *Hear him*, recruited the honourable ſpeaker with new courage, and tropes and metaphors flew from his lips with the facility of ſmall-talk. The *B—p of E——*, ſpiritually reſident in *Mrs. K——'s* left-hand Lappet, would have confronted every argument advanced by his opponent, had not his Lady drawn back her head unluckily, and fractured the connexion of his ideas. No other of the *D——ſ's* relations was in a capacity to do her ſervice. *Ch——s* therefore gained his point, as much by accident as eloquence. *Her H——ſs* ſaw the danger of manual reſiſtance. Mollified by the *D—'s* inſinuating gentleneſs, and fearful of popular antipathies, ſhe accepted the alternative of *marching out* with

with the *honours of war*, and waved her pretenſions with a forced *Salut* of acquieſcence.

Order being once more reſtored, and precedency adjuſted, I proceeded in my diplomatic office without an incident of interruption worth relating. *Dr. B—ſby* in the perſon of the *A——— of Y—*, *Catharine of Ar—gon* in that of the *D——ſs Dowager of A——*, and the immortal *H—pden* within an inch of annihilation in the character of a noble *P—* nearly allied to him by birth, were the firſt ſouls which drew my obſervation. *Cardinal Maz-rine* and *Lord B—ngb—ke* ſtept from their carriages at the ſame moment, and walked arm in arm as *Mr. W—— E—s* and *My Lord S——ch*. *Mrs. S——dge's* arrival was noticed by a running-footman liveried in Eaſtern pride. She would have willingly brought *Praiſe-God Barebones* with her, but buſineſs detained him in the city. The exemplary *Eleanor* animated the form of *Lady Ab—d—n*. Though ſeparated from her *Edward*, the matchleſs fondneſs and generous fidelity which had characteriſed her firſt attachment, were eminently diſplayed in her leſs eligible union with the forlorn, yet unrepining Tranſmigrate of *V-re Duke of Ireland*. But not a word of compliment. Let me inſtruct the Reader, not amuſe him, and plain matter of fact is fitteſt for the purpoſe. A pair of ſtateſmen ſo eccentrically different as *J——h D—ſon* and the *Duke of B——d*, might have expected a proportionable contraſt in their ſucceeding deſtinies. To my ſurpriſe, they were copartners in *Mr. R—by's Breeches-Pocket*. *His Grace* gave life to its internal policy, and *Mungo* made the Button-hole his reſidence. *G—b—n*, the animate of *Shaftſb—y*, was hurrying to kiſs their *M———s* hands, on a promotion foreign to *Mr. B—ke's* propoſals of amendment, when I got ſight of *R-gby's* reſidentiary counſellors. His voluntary tranſition from *the cottage* to *the court*, gave me no favourable opinion of his candour. His ſpiritual character, ſomewhat of a piece with the ſentiments I once indulged, prepoſſeſſed me in his behalf as an incomparable writer, but ruined him in my poſthumous eſteem as a proſelyte to ſyſtems of infidelity long ſince exploded with abhorrence. *Lord N——t*, a very

Hudibras

Hudibras in limb and ſpirit, alighted from his body-coach with a *pas d'avance* that verified *Monſ. Veſtris'* reflexions on the dancing part of Britiſh education. An *argumentum ad riſibile* invariably attends this noble Lord's moſt careleſs actions. He would have compaſſed *Terra Firma* at one ſtep, indignant of the intermediate ſtages, when his foot unfortunately ſlipt, his coat and waiſtcoat were no longer an aſylum, and *Nell Gwynn* ſhone in full luſtre from the retroſpective brilliancy of his *Breeches-Buckle*. *H—ley the L—d Treaſurer* (which the world will hardly credit) has got a *Sinecure en famille*. An eulogy on the *Ald——n* will be ſuppoſed the natural conſequence of my diſcovery.—But the identity inſiſted on is premature. Wonder, ye *would-be connoiſſeurs* in principles occult! *My Lord of O——d's Perruque* holds the ambitious Miniſter in gentle bondage; not the unhonoured wig of every day, but the ſpruce *Tie* which helps to furbiſh out his Lordſhip for the drawing-room. The deeply-intereſted have held a multitude of needleſs conſultations, and tortured many a harmleſs volume, big with the generous deſign of finding out who was the ſweetly-ſcented proof-reſemblance of *Popinjay* nobility, whom *Hotſpur* delineates with ſuch ſeverity of ſarcaſm. Some, heralds like, conſulted *Dugdale*, *Segar*, and *Collins*; others determined at a venture; and the majority ſeemed willing to let the matter reſt, till the conſtituents of the *Lords C——* and *M—b—ne* ſhould have collated their reſpective proofs from ſome authenticated records. A few, diſtinguiſhed by their ill-nature rather than their erudition, maintained that this faſhionably fearful, though peremptory *Adonis*, was lineal anceſtor to the *M—— of L——*, and that *Henry* had ſeduced him from *Glendower* by the well-timed *douceur* of a *Dreſſing-Table*. When *Lord R—b—gh* landed at *Holyhead*, a dawn of rational conjecture diſpelled the miſt of party errors which had obſcured the wiſhed diſcovery. In the courſe of a few days, truth ſhone ſuperior to cavil and miſtake; the Iriſh Peerage was conſulted, and the climacterical *young* Nobleman was allowed the regular deſcendant, and pronounced the genuine and nominal repreſentative of that animated portion of foppery and inſignificance, which *Shakeſpeare* has immortaliſed. This

glorious tranſmutate was inveighing againſt the Gothic rudeneſs of St. James's, when I decyphered the particulars of his co-exiſtent nothingneſs. *Abſalom*, once more born to trouble, in the ſupple perſon of a *Black Pin*, aſſiſted to adorn his Lordſhip's *Coëffure*. Iſſuing from his chair, duly diſproportioned to appearance, this Quixote of perfume and paſte ſtruck his right curl againſt the projecting head of a braſs nail, damaged the nice œconomy of half a morning's labours, and cruſhed the wretched *Abſalom* into a narrower compaſs than he had experienced in any life. The *Beau* of Sacred Writ was toſſed from his analogous and profitable poſt with anger and diſdain. A ſtouter ſubſtitute was ſought for, and *Lord M——n*, footing his *entrée* at the ſame moment, furniſhed a friendly aid to *R——*'s neceſſity.

Junius (whoſe memoirs are not yet extant) has been miſtaken for every diſcontented Member of the Privy C——l. So menacing are the anathemas pronounced againſt him, that, from a chriſtian veneration for his remains, I ſhall forbear to hint at what the plenitude of my commiſſion would entitle me to publiſh. My Readers, however eager to be thought adepts *ad unguem*, muſt quietly conform to my religious ſcruples; and, leſt *Sir W—— D——* (for *Gen. B——* is more pacifically-minded) ſhould violate his aſhes through exceſs of malice, I muſt beg leave to wave all comments on his firſt exiſtence, and only treat of his migration. *Sir W—— M——*, diſſatisfied and *wand*-leſs, waited the coming of ſome ſelect *apoſtates*, diſpaſſionate and heſitating ſinners, when I diſcovered his uneaſineſs. I recognized the ſoul of *Junius* in the temporiſing Stateſman, and was about to abrogate the law I had enacted, when the *Lord Ch——ller* drew up, *Sir W——* vaniſhed, and my conſiſtency remained entire.

Lord Th——e's retinue compoſed a body of animation ſo copiouſly furniſhed, that I had ſcarcely time to take down recollective minutes of the worthies in his train, before his Lordſhip's equipage was out of ſight. The learned Dignitary was himſelf a well-preſerved concrete of *Machiavel* and *Wolſey*. Anachroniſms are inadmiſſible with us. This grand and cen-

central luminary, around which *L—gh* and *W—ham* revolve, inherited the Cardinal's ambition without his parſimony, and poſſeſſed the Stateſman's policy without a *trait* of his diſſimulation. *Lord N—gt—n*, whoſe ſentence marked that nice propriety which proves the irreverſible deciſions of our præternatural Juries, growled at the peremptory greatneſs of a tribunal which ſuffers no appeal, and curſed the reſtleſs reſurrection he had been doomed to by a decree more valid even than his own. This admirable Lawyer took up his reſidence in the ſame *Gilt Mace*, or one allied in character to that, which had ſo often formed a part of his *inſignia*. Angry at ſo contemptible a ſhare in *T——*'s negociations, he menaced every ſpecies of reſentment; and ſuch were the fermented ebullitions of his ſoul, that even the dullneſs of untranſmigrate capacities muſt have perceived a tremulous motion in the *Mace*, though unacquainted with its cauſe. *Lord T——t*, *Sir S— S— S——*, and *Mr. T——*, *quorum neque candidiores*, were in the *Ch——llor*'s implicit confidence, and in commiſſion next his perſon. The ſpirit of the former was inherent in the *Seals*; the latter communicated a portion of immortality to his Lordſhip's *Robe*; and *Sir S—* guided his Right-hand. In the metaphyſical ſtructure of his State-coach renate exiſtence was exemplified ſtill further. *R——r*'s perturbed ſoul was ſhifting its abode from *Wheel to Wheel*. *P— Lord M——* was emboſſed within the *Gilding*; and *H—ke*, with becoming dignity, mounted the Coach-box. I heard *Lord Cl—d—n* converſing with a Republican on the rebellion; but where his home was ſituated, unleſs in the *Juſtitiæ Soror Fides*, I could not juſtly aſcertain.

I ſhould have ſearched the ſeats and cuſhions, had not *Moll Flanders*, in the milder garb of *Lady Dow—r T——*, tipped *Lord F——* the wink, and called off my attention. I could diſcern *Sir Thomas R——* ſtrung in her Necklace. The bauble, by what I gathered from her ſpiritual acknowledgements, had been a preſent from the Baronet;—an Italian purchaſe, and a ſuppoſed antique. *Lot and his Wife* deſcended from their *vis-à-vis* in excellent good-humour. The pious Widower, weaned from his *little city*, had emigrated into *Lord Viſcount C——*, and his inquiſitive helpmate (who, from her eagerneſs to be the earlieſt bearer of court-intelligence,

telligence, advanced a ſacred teſtimony in favour of our ſyſtem) *freſhened* anew, paſſed into *her Ladyſhip*. Scripture Tranſmutates, however rare in the dominions of Great-Britain, are to be met with now and then in couples. *B—— Duke of* ———, the archetype of *Lord C——'s Coachman*, had juſt drove off, when a tremendous bray, heard only *parmi nous*, aſſailed my auditory nerves. My ſurpriſe ceaſed with the ſhock; for, looking round, I caſt my eye on *Balaam's Aſs*, diſguiſed, not much to his advantage, in the terrifying form of *Col. B——*. The honourable Heterogene was earneſtly enquiring for *Lord S——*; and, learning his patron's deſtination, brayed yet more horribly a ſecond time, and followed him *up ſtairs*. *Bampfylde Moore Carew*, in the perſon of *Lord M—d*, expecting a gratuity for the ſake of *Mrs. H——n*, had indirectly made a preſſing application to the *Duke of G——*, but, being diſmiſſed with a ſevere denial, changed his political opinions, and won a confidential ſmile from *Sir J— Bl——*, which he propoſed reſtoring when *Lady M———* ſhould be ſecurely ſeated on the eaſy ſaddle of the *I—ſh Eſtabliſhm—t*. A Commoner or two, newly emerged from a ſuſceptible grove of human beeches, who in their priſtine ſhape had made a figure in the *Wittena Gemot* of thoſe days, fearful of being deemed the enemies of monarchy, profeſſed their loyalty in due form, and paid their compliments with more than parliamentary obeiſance. An interval of ſilence would have ſucceeded for a moment, had not *her Grace of B—— cackled* a motion for enquiring into the ſtate of *Mr. F—x*'s finances juſt as ſhe reached the palace-gate. This *Maſter-Key* to all the ſecrets of her junto, was, in her firſt exiſtence, no leſs a perſonage than the *Patriot Gooſe* which ſaved the Capitol. The memory of ſo diſtinguiſhed an event ſtamped an immutable credit on her renaſcent penetration. Her ſervices were accepted, her counſels liſtened to with deference, her *premièreté* allowed with cabinet ſubmiſſion in every *court* where ſhe preſided. At length, conſcious of her ſuperiority, *the D——ſs* paſſed into the venerable character ſhe ſupports at preſent, and ſucceeded to the plenipotentiary powers which her late *H——* (if *Junius* may be believed) exerciſed *ſans compliment*.

That

That quadrupeds are gifted with an immaterial ſpirit, has been allowed by ſome, who, prior to my publication, have combated the doctrine of a tranſmigration. That they had a ſoul to be ſaved, was a favourite article in the code of my opinions, till *Caligula's Coach-Horſe* in the perſon of *Lord P——* ſilenced my arguments, and overthrew my ſyſtem. Why an illuſtrious perſonage ſhould have advanced his Lordſhip to the rank of *L—d of the B———*, has been a matter of ſurpriſe for ſeveral years. The beſtial affinity, which was a ſecret to the *Non-compounded*, reconciles the difficulty, and improves the noble Lord's pretenſions; yet, as the alloy of the P—r ſo effectually diſproves the immortality of the *Senator*, we only learn this melancholy truth from the diſcovery, that ſouls which have been once in union with brute exiſtence, forfeit all human privileges, but thoſe which ſentence them to a perpetual earthly penance.

Lord N—th, condemned to vindicate the meaſures of a ſupine Ad-m———n, yet ſcorning the indignity of being frightened to a reſignation, paſſed me haſtily, with many a *trait* of mortification pictured on his countenance. He was the animate of *Burl—gh*, who, elevated rather from the influence of attachment than the greatneſs of his talents, preſerved a ſhare of popular eſteem, which abler Miniſters have courted unſucceſsfully. The *Star* that glittered on his breaſt was at once the native receptacle, and the ſacred type, of *Mr. L-gge*'s incomparable worth. *Mr. G— G——lle* dwelt in the pure azure of his Lordſhip's *Ribband*; *Lord T——*, a little mutilated, took up his reſidence in the *Honi ſoit, &c.*; and *P—— Duke of N———*, ponderouſly ambitious, panted beneath the ſable preſſure of the noble *Premier's Bag-Wig*. State emigrants from foreign courts were variouſly diſpoſed throughout the different articles of his Lordſhip's dreſs: *Sully* and *Colbert* were piouſly conſigned to his *Side-Pockets*, and *Fenelon* read a ſecond courſe of lectures in his *Neck-cloth*. *Bet Canning*, *Joan of Arc*, *the Empreſs Maud*, and *Lady M— W—— M———*, made their appearance in *Lady S——*, *Lady W—ſley*, *Mrs. Ch— T—ner*, and *Lady A——r*; *Neſſus the Centaur* followed in *Lord F——*; and *Archbiſhop L-ud*, *Monk*, *Duke of Albemarle*, *Dean Sw-ft*, and

Venerable Bede, brought up the rear, in my *Lord B—p of St.* ——, *Gen. M—ton, the Earl of B——l*, and *Dr. S—l J——*.

A ſecret ſkirmiſh now and then took place, when two departed ſouls, who in their former lives had loſt the opportunity of ſettling their differences to mutual ſatisfaction, came into ſpiritual contact with each other, and felt the flame of long-extinguiſhed wrath rekindle in their breaſts. *Judith* and *Holofernes*, whoſe variance ſtands on the records of remote antiquity, divided almoſt in polar oppoſition from the early period of their tragical *fracas*, cheriſhed their returning animoſity in every ſubſequent exiſtence. Debarred from coming to extremities by an unwelcome ſeparation, which threatened to become perpetual, they were about to recommence hoſtilities *by proxy*, when the great Author of our ſyſtem, willing to ſweeten their probation, commiſſioned them to animate *Sir G—— and Lady W——*. *The Tyrant*, ſmiling at the conditions offered him, exacted more than lawful intereſt for his decapitation; and the intrepid *Heroine*, eager to teſtify her unimpaired audacity, combated the ſtrength of his aſſaults, and promiſed to remove the miſcreant *Knight* a ſecond time from bed and board. *Duke H———n* and *Lord M——n* paſſed into the *Earl of P——* and *Lord M—ton* about twelve years ago. A ſudden warmth of temper in the *C—— of R——*, diſcovered the *renouvellement*; and, though *Lord M——* convinced and threatened, his fiery antagoniſt could hardly be with-held from drawing to defend himſelf. Theſe facts I learned from *Lady D—— T——n*, who, though a ſtranger to the drawing-room for ſeveral years, wiſhed to become *remembrancer* once more, and held a recollective parley with herſelf, as ſhe adjuſted the foldings of her Sacque.

The hurry of the day being now over, I was about to pace contentedly down *Cleveland-Row*, when, looking up by accident to learn the hour, or comment on the barbarous architecture which frowns on the domeſtic Peace of Royalty, ſo copious a fund of animated matter preſented itſelf to my inveſtigation, that my departure was forcibly procraſtinated, and my ſoul enwrapt in ſpeculative communication. *Edward the Third* dwelt

in

in *a Turret* of the venerable pile whoſe ſpiritual eſſence I was conſidering. He had juſt minuted ſome important incidents in the Battle of Creſſy, when *the Black Prince*, changing the ſubject to our engagement at *B—ker's Hill*, piqued the illuſtrious warrior, and provoked an odious compariſon, which, being whiſpered by his Majeſty, my loyalty forbids me to reveal. *Henry the Seventh*, the very majeſty of diſcontent, inhabited the *Caſement*; and *James the Firſt*, no leſs an enemy to ſuch ſcholaſtic bondage, ſtudied mechanics in the *Dial*. *King John*, a reſtleſs ſpirit, ran through the *Carved Work* above the palace-gate; and *Charles the Second*, with *her Grace of P—ſmouth*, ſeemed to have newly changed their reſidence from two kindred *Stairs*, conducting to the *Ch— Royal*, to a couple of grieſly *Cobwebs* in that dark avenue which forms a left-hand parallel with the grand entrance. I gathered from ſome expreſſions of *the Conqueror*, who ſpiritualiſed a well-poiſed *Chimney*, that *William Rufus* and *King Stephen* were in the *Guard-Room*, that *Edward the Fourth* was condemned to animate a *Looking-Glaſs* in *Lady H——t's* bed-chamber, that *Crook-backed Richard* was *Stay-maker* to the *M—ds of H——*, and *Clarence*, *Sutler* to the *L—dies of the B———*.

Queen Anne peeped from the *Party-wall* which ſeparates the palace from *M—— Houſe*; and *Prince George*, from ſome fortuitous miſhap, was deſtined to a new exiſtence in the *Scraper*. *The Barons*, hardy and obſtinate, preſerved their incorrigible firmneſs in the ſturdy *Poſts* which guard the pavement, while here and there *a Chain* diſcovered ſome meaner zealot for a mixed government, hampered in its links. *Harry the Fifth*, and *John of Gaunt*, breathed vital eſſence in the *Drum and Standard*, whoſe martial pomp emblazons all the court-yard. *William the Third* and *the Pretender*, forgetting former grievances, embraced each other almoſt indiſſolubly, in the *two Portals*; and *James the Second*, glad at ſo fond a reconciliation, helped to perpetuate the compact, by darting his congenial ſpirit into *the Bolt* that faſtened their affections. *The Duke of Cumb—d*, raiſed to the pinnacle of his deſerts, diſcharged his re-exiſtent functions in the *Cupola*, while his illuſtrious *F-ther*, a foot or two below, was parcelling out his copious reſurrection through the *Tiling*.

Having

Having reviſed the Furniture of Royalty with ſcrupulous attention, I removed to *Cleveland-Row*, and paſſed a few of *Richard the Firſt*'s enthuſiaſtic Generals, ſtrangely diſaffected to their firſt principles, and endeavouring to expiate the barbarous miſtake, by toaſting Toleration before they *relieved guard*. At *B—water Houſe*, the *Lord Ch—llor Elleſ—re* accoſted me from an old *Saſh-window* which had preſerved its panes unbroken from A. D. 1670: he was expatiating on the virtues of his Succeſſor, when *a Blind Man*, directed by the tutelary kindneſs of his Dog, challenged acquaintance with me, and broke the thread of our diſcourſe. On a near examination, I perceived the *Mendicant* to be *Sir R—— L——*, a man of exemplary worth, who in his former life had given me many a wholeſome caution, without ſucceſs. His firſt enquiry was for the *D——ſs*. I was wholly uninſtructed how to anſwer him. The progreſs of my metamorphoſe was the ſubject of his next requeſt, wherein he diſconcerted me with ſuch addreſs, that I petitioned for a ſpeedy ſentence, and owned the juſtice of my condemnation. Purſuing my *routine* along the *Stable-Yard*, I met with nothing worthy obſervation, till Mrs. *W-lters* gave me the *ſalut* amorous, ſettered, beyond the proſpect of a jail-delivery, in the *Turnpike-Gate* which looks on Lady *H——*'s. I enquired the period of her firſt reſidence within a piece of mechaniſm ſo little correſpondent with her reputed taſte. "My Lord," replied the broken-hearted Matron, "paſſive as the world has repreſented me, "its opinions were partially ſevere before my tranſmigration. Since "that event, I have been ſubject to men's inconſtancy in every ſhape "you can conceive with probability. I was the reſerved and conſcien- "tious *Mrs. D—ley* in the court of his late *M———*. My ſoul bore ſome "affinity with that of *Lady — ——* in the preſent reign; but the con- "ſtituent particles of its exiſtence paſſed into *K-tty Fiſher*, who did them "ample credit, till Deſtiny thought fit to bury me once more, and por- "tioned off that active principle which had been unperiſhable through- "out my round of lives into the ſwinging-bar you ſee me animate at "preſent." "Lucy," ſaid I, "what lot has the unhappy *M—mouth* "been condemned to?" "My ſon," replied my kind inſtructreſs, "I "will not ſay, my lawful ſon, dwells in a form more gentle even than

"his

"his own. He is renate in his illuſtrious deſcendant, the *Duke of B——*." *Mrs. W——* would have particularized the virtues of her ennobled progeny perhaps to *Mr. S—tt*, who, with his *B——* the *Earl of D——*, preſents us with the tranſmigrated ſpirit of her Father, had not I checked the overflow of her maternal fondneſs, by pleading an appointment with *Sir Richard St--le* at the Q—'s palace. Arraign me not ſeverely, ye Hydra-headed moraliſts.—The argument, I own, was falſe; yet, falſehood is but half a ſin, when women become troubleſome. I ſhould have *ſped* to Charing-Croſs, had not the *Duke of Buck—— m* aſked charity from the Iron Railing which fronts his former ſpacious and magnificent ſuburban *Château*. The noble *D—* ſought no pecuniary alms. A literary incident, or the earlieſt intelligence of an amorous *faux-pas*, was the higheſt luxury he wiſhed to taſte. In furniſhing a feaſt of this deſcription, the rules of art may be conſidered as ſuperfluous: to have acquired a knack, gives the true reliſh to an *entremet d'eſprit*; and in this article of faſhionable cookery I had ſome merit. I ſatyriſed the *Duke of D——*, compaſſionated the *Earl of J——*, and ſpoke of *Lord E— B—* with rapture. I cenſured *Lady D——*, told many a bitter tale of *Lady C——*, and left his Grace ready to die again with laughter at the droll cataſtrophe of — —'s *penchant* for *Mrs. A——*. Having at length exhauſted my budget of abuſe, I paced along the Mall in queſt of new adventures. *The Duke of O——d*, *Marſhal Saxe*, and *the Prince of Condé*, ſaluted me ſucceſſively in three *Centry-boxes*. The *M——ſs of Bl——d*, enviably mounted on the *D— of M——*'s laſt elevation, betted me a dollar that I could not, in the three kingdoms, find a widow ſo delectably diſpoſed of; no—not ſince the treaty of *Utrecht*. *Sir F—— B—— D——*, wearied with the apathy ſo ſpitefully allotted him, ſulked at his ill fortune in the perſon of *a Bench*, and curſed the moon-light nights, which had preſerved his chaſtity unſullied for three weeks. The merry *D—ſs of N—caſtle*, maturely ripened in romance, ſummoned me to moderniſe a manifeſto, which ſhe had taken, piece by piece, from her beſt tragedies. Her *G—* inhabited the *Bellman's Verſes*, paſted in a *——Houſe* belonging to the *P——'s*. I had not gone ten ſteps before a *groupe* of *Literati*, of both ſexes, ſurrounded me in form, and drove me to the *non-plus* of immaterialiſm for ſhelter. *Mr. M—phy*, the animate of *Moliere*; *Geo. K—te*, *Sterne*'s humorous

morous repreſentative; *Mrs. B—ld*, the tranſmigrate of *Lady D—— Du B—s*; *Miſs M—re*, the improved type of *Mrs. Rowe*; and *Mrs. M——gue*, who challenged a pre-eminence above her fellows, in the perſon of *Madame Dacier*. Juſt at the boundary, where Peripatetics of diſtinction turn again, alarmed leſt the infection of the Farm-yard, which forms what *Buck——m* might call the *Rus in urbe* of the avenue, ſhould ſteal upon them unawares, I met my old friend *Col. M——*. Let not his daring ſoul conſpire againſt my peace, when I reveal the ſecret of its firſt exiſtence in the breaſt of *Felton*. After the uſual tokens of ſurpriſe, the Colonel aſked me after *Lady ——*, my venturous widow. I in return enquired for *Vill-rs*. His anſwer convinced me, that he ſtill poſſeſſed that gloomineſs of ſentiment which prompted him to aſſaſſinate the Duke of Buckingham. "The world is "well acquainted with his influence," replied the angry zealot; "he lives "in *Lord M--t-S——*." *Semiramis* and *Artemiſia*, not at all chagrined at the viciſſitudes of fortune, were ſelling curds and whey to *Cyrus, King of Perſia*, in the garb of a *Foot-Soldier*, when I left the Park. In that obſcure and narrow paſſage which furniſhes a friendly outlet to Spring Gardens, I met *Lord S——*'s departed ſpirit, clothed in the perſon of an eleëmoſynary Cheat, who counterfeited deafneſs. In the adjoining Toy-ſhop, the articles of ſplendid animation were a complete epitome of the univerſal ſyſtem which gave them birth. Canes, Buckles, Razors, and Tooth-picks, were ſo many re-animates of Warriors, Wits, Suicides, and Courtiers. Paſſing *Lord C——*'s, the venerable aſpect of *Sir E——d S——ll* commanded my attention from the centre window. He would have told me of his *S——*'s, nay, of his *G—— S——*'s miſdemeanors, had not I ſhewn a conſcientious backwardneſs, from a ſuſpicion that the worthy Knight might have ſummed up his arguments with a *De te fabula narratur*.

Deep-rooted in the heart of Charles's Pedeſtal at Charing-Croſs, I recogniſed the ſoul of *Oliver Cromwell*. Extinct, as far as ſouls can periſh, the ſtubborn Regicide made not a word of anſwer to any of my interrogatories. *Bradſhaw* kept him company in the Royal Charger's *Crupper*, a ſpirit ſomewhat leſs ſullen, though equally implacable with the Lord Protector. *Lord F—fax* got a reſpite in the *Bridle* for two centuries; and *Eſ—x* groaned out his expiation in the *Left Stirrup*. *F—wood* and *L—bert* ſhifted their poſts in the

the *Fore Legs* every *Twenty-ninth of May*. The noble *Falk—d*, bleſſed to the utmoſt of his wiſhes, dwelt in the image of his unhappy Maſter, in whoſe defence he periſhed.

The Dean of C—liſle was paſſing by *N——— Houſe* when I took leave of the condemned Republicans. Convicts of every denomination move my pity; yet thoſe who levy war againſt the Conſtitution have the leaſt ſhare of it. I diſcovered *Dr. P——* to be the genuine repreſentative of *Camden*, though the texture of his ſpirit was more refined than that of the laborious Antiquary. He ſatisfied my doubts in politics and literature with eloquence and judgement, and combated my arguments with that ingenuous courteſy for which he is ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed. After particulariſing the ſeveral tranſitions of the *Dukes of Brabant* and *Louvain*, he acquainted me that the *Duke of N———d* had been the Roman *Mæcenas*; and that the *D——ſs*, who in her firſt exiſtence had given birth to *King Edward the Sixth*, having rendered the caſtle of *Aln—k* an aſylum for the diſtreſſed during her life, made its venerable walls the ſacred receptacle of her ſoul, on her Grace's ſubſequent deceaſe. St. Martin's Church was the next object which I had leiſure to inveſtigate. I haſtened to ſurvey the reliques it contained, and found *W-llaſton* in the *Weather-Cock*, *T-land* in the *Spire*, and *H--bes* in the *Communion-Table*.

Lord H—— and *Lord S——y*, harneſſed in a pair of *Brewer's Horſes*, ſnorted a recollective compliment or two, as I was ſcrutinizing *S—gwine's* elegant commodities. They were drawing *Lord G——lle* in the perſon of an unwieldy *Dray*, who teſtified a ſurly ſatisfaction at being in ſuch honourable company, when many of his comrades were condemned to linger out their lives alone. *The Strand* (excluſive of non-compound eſſence) is civiliſed but ſparingly. I had proceeded to the Adelphi before one Tranſmigrate put a remembrance on me. At laſt the *Earl of H—d—ton*, in the quality of Roſy Herald, compenſated for the weary dullneſs of my laſt ten minutes ſilence, by owning himſelf the genuine author of thoſe poems which every ſtall in London attributes to him with uncertainty. His Lordſhip whiſpered me, that *Dr. G——m* was the tranſmutate of *Rock*, and that his Genial Bed was *Guy Aretin* ſpiritually metamorphoſed. *Biſhop Bon--r*, laying aſide epiſcopal reſerve, gave me a generous reception in the

the *Front Door* of the *New Church*. He was no longer the religious bigot whom hiſtory records with deteſtation. His zeal had taken a new courſe; and *Lady O——d*, who had juſt engaged a lodging in the *Stone Steps*, was the ſole object of his ſenſual attachment.

So buſily was I engaged in wondering at the Prelate's reformation, that I ſhould have purſued my journey without a retroſpective look, had not *W—tley M——gue* in the habit of a *Jew* diſturbed me from my *rêverie*, and admoniſhed me to *aſſume the virtue* of urbanity, *though I had it not*. *In-go Jones* and *Sir Chr—— Wr-n*, emboſomed in the ſtately architecture of *Somerſet-Houſe*, had been demanding an interview with me for ſome minutes with peremptory earneſtneſs, when *W—tley*, preſuming on my deafneſs, ſpoke a kind word or two in compaſſion to my infirmity, and ſhook me into complaiſance. *Jenny Cameron*, in the garb of eaſy virtue, accoſted me as I was paſſing Temple-Bar. She told me, among a multitude of intereſting anecdotes, that the *Lords L-vat* and *B——ino* had ſold ſauſages there four years ago. *Lord Cl——*, in the *Pannel* of *Sir Thomas R——d's* Coach, d—n'd my impertinence, for looking at him without a poſthumous ſalute. *The Duke of B——n* and *Lord S—d—y* tried to eſcape me in the meagre forms of two *Knife-Grinders* out of employment: I rallied them on their precipitate fool-hardineſs; but, telling them that I had been as raſh a ſimpleton myſelf, their features brightened up, and for an inſtant, like the ſhades bewitched by Orpheus' muſic, they forgot their ſadneſs. *Sir Robert W—pole* and *Lord B-th* ſurpriſed me not a little at St. Dunſtan's in the gigantic Savages whoſe knotty clubs *give Time a Tongue*. They preſſed me to decide their differences; but *K—ſh*, watching my arrival, gave me no time for ſuch an abſtract office. I acquainted him with the information my Readers will have already learned; and commiſſioned him to make it public in the looſe and unaffected ſtyle in which I had committed it to memory. Thus imperfectly arranged, the novelty of its ſubject and the fidelity of its compiler can only plead in its defence.

FINIS.